

THE
VISIONS
OF
PASQUIN,
OR, A
CHARACTER
OF THE

Roman Court, Religion and Practices ;
Together with an Account of

The Arts of the *Popes Nephews* to get Money, The
Tricks of the *Priests* to fill the Churches Coffers by
Masses for the Dead, The Policy of the *Jesuites*
to Cully *Princes*, and Cheat *Christendom*.

AS ALSO

An Exact Description of *Purgatory* and *Hell*.
In a Dialogue between *Pasquin* and *Marforio*, Tran
slated out of *Italian*.

— *Ridentem dicere verum*
Quis vetat ? —

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L O N D O N,

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THE PREFACE.

THE Vices of the Roman Court have been so notorious, the Pride of their Popes, the Ambition of their Prelates, the Covetousness of the Nephews, and the Hypocrisy of their Monastick Orders (not to instance in their Lusts, and Brutalities) have been, and still are so visible to the World, that in their own Country Italy, under the awe of the Inquisition, and within the immediate reach of his Holiness's Catchpoles (the Sbirri) there have been found some men of Courage, and Honesty, who have dared to pull off the mask, and expose their pretended sanctity, and let the World see, that no men have erred more grossly, than the bold pretenders to Infallibility; no men are more slaves to the World, its Poms and Vanities, than those who have vowed to forsake them; and no mens minds are so eagerly set upon hoarding up wealth for their ravenous kindred, as those who say in Hypocrisy, what St. Peter said in truth, Silver and Gold have I none. For there are a sort of Inhabitants of the Roman World, who have no Estates, and yet have great Revenues; no tillage, and yet abound in corn; no Wives, and yet have more Children to a single mans share, than the Countess of Holland had at a birth.

It is true, the learned men of the Reformed Church, have with much strength of argument, and authority, baffled, and confuted the false Doctrines of the Papal faction, but perhaps those, who have shown their actions in a true light, and made appear, how specious their sanctity is, and how ridiculous their devotion, dressing up their Narratives in a Jocular, and Comical habit, have used the more successfull method to make the World acquainted with their extravagancies. This course the old Satyrists took to expose Vice, and in later ages the Copy was transcribed by Orthuinus Gratus, and Rabelais; who gave the World an excellent Picture of the Ignorance, and Luxury of the Friars; and of late the Author of the Cardinalismo, the Nepotismo, the life of Donna Olympia, and the History of the Roman Curtesans hath admirably

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mirably described the practices of the men of the Purple, the sottishness of the Papal Nephews, the incestuous intrigue between even his Holiness himself, and his Brother's Wife Olympia, together with the unlawful, and preposterous Indulgences of that Court, that pretends to unspotted sanctity: many other such writings having been sent into the World, some of which have visited this Country, while others are still confined to their forreign dress.

Such writings are for the most part called Pasquils, or Pasquinades, from the statue of Pasquin in the middle of Rome, to which they are commonly affixt. It is thought by learned men to be the remains of a statue of one of the old Gladiators with his Enemy lying dead at his Feet; and the conjecture is happy, for Pasquin is invincible, he triumphs over Princes, and subdues all the World, and without the help of Arms or Armies, makes even Popes stoop and tremble, and executes those in Effigie, who by their power rescue their persons from the punishments they deserve. It hath been often consulted (and perhaps in the Conclave) to remove this statue, and a certain Prince once resolved to throw it into the River Tyber, but chang'd his resolution, when his Servant told him, that it would make a greater noise under Water, than while above-ground, and produce a spawn of Frogs; whose croakings would deafen the City that sits on seven Hills: and what a noise then, may we imagine, makes he, when his friend Marforio attends him, and like some Ecchoes repeats what he says, much louder than it was first spoken? Such a couple of Companions are enough to laugh Impudence it self out of countenance, and put the Governess of a Roman Bordelli to the blush.

Nor is it but requisite, that those who by their Station, or their Interests are above the Laws, should be subject to the lashes of a smart wit, as well as to those of their own Consciences; the Furies within, when they lay on most severely, are seldom heard by the by-standers, but the World takes notice, how a dissolute Grandee is whipt by a keen and implacable Satyrist, who rubbs off the Paint, and shews the deformities, who strips the Actor in Religion of his mortified dress, and exposes the Covetousness and Hypocrisy, the sensuality and leudness, that lodges under the habit of devotion, and by these means instructs mankind to make a less show, and to be more truly, and really pious and honest, and not to admire a demure outside, which covers all manner of villanies. For what inclinations can we have to believe that Pope Pius who being forbidden to eat Pork, lest it should throw him into his grave, made answer, that he would indulge his appetite al despito di Dio, in despite of God, and his Authority? What encouragement have we to think him just, who throwing St. Peter's Keys into the Tyber, said, that St. Paul's Sword should conquer his adversaries? Who can believe Alexander the 6th to have been true to his vow of chastity, who prostituted his own Daughter Lucretia? Or Leo the 10th to have had any regard to Religion, who boasted of the vast sums he had gotten, by the Fabula de Christo, the fabulous accounts, which the Gospel gives of our Holy Saviour, as he blasphemously stiled the Sacred Scriptures? Who can believe the Inquisition to be the Tribunal of Christ,

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Christ, while their proceedings are a demonstration, that they are the Executioners of the Kingdom of Darkness? Who can think that there is much charity at Rome, when the Papal Nephews like the Plant-animal Bornez, eat up, and devour all that comes within their reach? Or that Chastity is to be reckoned among the Vertues of that City, in which their Curtesans are the Companions of their mitred men, and the Monks are the notorious practitioners of Masculine Venerie? While the book of God is lockt up in Libraries, and made a Prisoner under the restraint of an unknown Tongue, and those who all their life long, walk in the direct paths to Hell and Destruction, hope to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven at the back-door by the help of an Indulgence, or a thousand Masses, as if every thing were to be bought in the Court of Christ above, because there is nothing to be had in the Court of his pretended Vicar on Earth without Money.

But I detain you too long in the Portal, the Book it self affords signal instances of the inefficaciousness of Holy-Water, (which if it could fright Devils, would undoubtedly drive the Priests themselves out of the Church) of the Vanity of Prayers to the Dead, and Masses for the Dead (while the Damned can neither help themselves nor others, and those in Bliss, do not hear; and could they be toucht with a sense of our wants, their happiness would not be complete) that it is no greater wonder, that Pasquins statue could die, than that a luxurious Fryar should, when he dies be saved, since to raise such a Bacchus to the Palace of Bliss, would require such an Engine, as that whereby Pope Sixtus Quintus, (commonly called Sicecinque) raised the Pyramid; that too many depend so much on Indulgences, that they believe there is no need of the Blood of Jesus Christ to make them happy; that in Hell the very Serpents have on their Heads Fryers Cowl; that the Infernal Vatican is built on as weak a foundation, as that which is at Rome, that the Papal Grandeur hath no foundation in Scripture, or Primitive Antiquity, but only in the forged Donation of Constantine, and that to make two Heads of the Church, Christ and the Pope, is to make the Church such a Monster, as the Imperial Eagle; that there is a vast difference between the habit of the Virgin Mary in Heaven, and at Loretto; that the Papal spectacles lessen true merit, and magnify what is vile and contemptible; that the employments of the several members of the Kingdom of Antichrist are either wicked or ridiculous; that the holy Scriptures are kept from the people, because they discover the Vices of the Papacy, and would, if known, incline men to the love of Vertue and Holiness; that the Inquisition is the greatest Plague of mankind; and that the Infernal Court is more obliged to the Popes Nephews, than to all other men, because by their cruelty they cause many Thousands to die in despair.

But above all, here you have a Map, and a description of a large Kingdom, over which Christ's Vicar pretends to a Jurisdiction, while his Master had never any such Territory, as Purgatory; in it are houses of entertainment without number, where amidst many inconveniences

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nickes you have much diversion, and you may purchase a licence, while you are on Earth, to live here as merrily as under the protection of the Vatican; and what makes the habitation the more tolerable, you may get a lodging for a Month or a Year, upon condition that you pay your Rent, as if you were to dwell there for ever; for, besides Closets, and other private Apartments, you may steal out by a back-stair, when you please, only the passage is so narrow, that you can carry nothing with you more than the clothes you brought with you into the World; and by this the Papal Grandeur is supported, for tho your sufferings are but for a time, the Legacies given for Masses for the Souls in Purgatory, are the Churches perpetual and unalterable inheritance; happy are the poor then, you will say, who are never sent to Purgatory, because they have no Money to purchase their redemption, nor are the rich so very unhappy, who may chuse how little while they will stay there, and cannot fail of easy Penance both here and hereafter, while Father Cornelius is the Confessor, and Father Dominic, by vertue of a peculiar Bull from his Holiness, sets the term of years, or days, you must spend there; so true is that observation, that he who would enjoy all the sensualities of this World, and die in the assurance of eternal happiness, should chuse to live in Italy, and die in the Communion of the Roman Church.

These, and many other such accounts does this Book afford of the extraordinary qualities of that Church, that excluding all others, calls it self Holy and Infallible, to which it may be wondred, that our Blessed Saviour hath not as yet given a Bill of Divorce, while she hath been so notoriously guilty of frequent prostitutions, and hath degenerated from the Church of Christ into the Synagogue of Satan.

Farewel.

Pasquin

Pasquin Dead and Revived.

Pasq. **V** Hat, *Marforius*, do you go away without bidding me
farewel, as if we had never seen one another before?

Marf. Who calls me? what voice is that? methinks I see *Pasquin*
alive in that Statue? but how is that possible since he is dead? with-
out doubt it is some Phantasm, which would make me believe he was
alive. I am very sorry I have no holy water to drive away the Devil.

Pasq. Be not afraid, Friend, I am the same *Pasquin* who have been so
long thy acquaintance; and therefore there is no need of holy water
to make me fly away; who am most miraculously come to life again;
for no Human Inventions have any force against the Decrees of Hea-
ven, and I would have thee lay aside that false Opinion that so many
fools have, who believe that holy water hath virtue in it to drive away
Devils. This is but a jest, for were it so, the Pope's Nephews and
other wicked Priests would run out of the Churches; for in Hell it
self there are not worse Devils to be found than them.

Marf. But how dost thou know that? hast thou been in some parts
of Hell? O God how I tremble! and the more I look on thee, the
more I am frighted.

Pasq. Be not so terrified, Brother, at the sight of an old friend; for
true friendship ought to last in the other world. I am not now dead;
I am alive again; but if I were dead, as I was lately, what reason
wouldst thou have to be afraid of me? the dead neither kill nor steal,
nor walk in the street in the night to assassinate any; they break not
open houses to violate Virgins, nor combine to transgress the Laws.
Whilst I was in the world I never was afraid of the dead, but often of
the living, who were wicked enough not to spare the very dead;
therefore I would wish thee to be of the same humour.

Marf. Well. I will be as you please, and although I have never kept
company with the dead, yet I will now begin to practise it.

Pasq. O take heed of that! for fear thou shouldst run into that great
ignorance which so many thousand people are immersed in in this Age,
who invoke the dead. Alas! this is but an invention of the Fryers to
deceive the world, and to fill their Cloyster with the Alms that are
given them, to intercede for the favour of this or the other Saint. I would
have thee know that the departed which are in Heaven enjoy so great
a beatitude, which holds them in so continual and holy a contempla-
tion, that they can neither see the miseries, nor hear the supplications

of this world ; otherwise their felicity would not be perfect, which is a thing too wicked to be believed. And the dead who are tormented in the Infernal Pit, suffer such acute pains, that they think of nothing but their own sad infelicities : so that to call upon them would be a madness ; for how can they give help unto others, that are not able to receive any help for themselves. For this reason I exhort thee to be sure to live well thy self, and concern not thy self so much with the dead.

M. But must I not converse with thee, since thou art returned to me with so much favour and kindness ?

P. But I am not dead, I am alive, and my death was rather a miraculous Extasy than any thing else, which the Heavens ordained for the confusion of those who would never believe me whilst I spoke and writ against the Vices of the Christian Church.

M. Tell me, how is it possible that thou which art a Stone couldst take a Soul, and then die, and now rise again ?

P. And thou which art a Roman of *Rome*, how canst thou be astonished at this ? it should be a much greater wonder to thee to see so many lazy Fryers who eat like Swine, and drink like Fishes, grow fat in the idleness of the Cloysters, and dare pretend to the enjoyment of Paradise. Nay, I know one who esteems himself already very near the coelestial glory, who is so fat, that I am confident he is much heavier than *St. Paul's* Statue, which stands upon *St. Peter's* Church. Nay, this is the least of the wonders ; for thou knowest, or oughtest to know, that the Divines in general write that there is nothing to be found in the world to be of equal weight with sin : Nay, they will have Iron, Brass, Gold, to be as light as Straw in comparison of it. Dost thou not think then that to raise from the Earth but one of those good Religious men, Seculars or Regulars (who are loaden with such enormous sins) it would be necessary to frame such a Machine as *Sixtus Quintus* did to raise up those great Pyramids to the top of *St. Peters*, where they now stand. Briefly, dear Brother, I esteem the foolish belief of some Christians an absolute Miracle, who seeing with their own eyes so many Priests keep Whores behind the Altars where they celebrate Mass, sleeping with the Catamites with so much liberty, that amongst the religious, Sodomy is now esteemed a Virtue, stealing the sacred Vessels for prophane uses, treating about Homicides, Whoredoms, Poysonings, and all manner of frauds in the same place where they say the Divine Offices, and then to imagine that such Hypocrites can fly to Heaven as easie as Birds do from one Tree to another, is a madness and a folly in those that can believe it. For my part, dear Brother, I think it would be a less Miracle to see a Stone fly to Heaven, than one of the wicked Priests of this Age.

M. Thou

M. Thou wast ever exceedingly learned in the particular vices which reign at *Rome*, and amongst the Religious, but now thou hast travelled into more remote Countries, thou must have made deeper searches. Tell me therefore all thy History.

P. With all my heart; we will sit down in this retired corner, and to satisfy thee, I will tell thee of my ancient Genealogy. My Father was Born in *Rome* of the noble Family of the Satyrists, in which he was instructed by his Fore-fathers with great accurateness till the Age of eighteen years, when he remained an Orphan by the death of his Parents; after which he Married a Lady of the Noble Family of the *Detraitors Maledicenti*, with whom he lived twelve years without the hopes of Children. But whether it was by the means of devout Prayers, or physical Medicines, my Mother after that conceived with Child, and I was Born into the world and brought into it with me all the inclinations and dispositions of those two Families of the *Satyrista's* and *Maledicenti's*, which remained so boldly in me, they both quickly dying after my Birth, left me so very poor that I was forced to seek out some Art to live by; and some advised me to be a Messenger, that I might understand by the practise of that I might become more skilful in the Affairs of the world, others advised me to become a Taylor, assuring me, the Scissors would be very properly placed in my hands to cut every Body clothes fit to their Backs; but I resolving to follow my own inclination set up a Barbers Shop, finding in my self sharp desires to shave off the Beards of so many slovenly Fryers. At my first opening my Shop, whether it was my too much Youth, or too little Experience, or some other reason my Custom was not so great, but I remained many days idle in my Shop, which wakening my Poetical Vein, I fell into making of Verses, Songs and Madrigals which were soft enough, absolutely degenerating from the name of both my Paternal and Maternal Family, flattering every one so much, that though I acquired but little credit, yet a great number flocked into my Shop under a pretence of being shaved, yet indeed it was rather to hear me recite my pleasing compositions; so that I exercised that flattering Art with no small profit for many years. From all Antiquity Adulation hath been rewarded, till at last by the Prayers of some sincere Souls who abominate the Art of flattery, I was Metamorphos'd into a Stone, that I might remain constantly in one place with a free faculty of discoursing and making Verses. As soon as I perceived this change, and severe chastisement, I immediately resolved to change my method, and to obtain pardon for so many faults committed in my way of flattery, I began to correct the Vices of others to demonstrate my true repentance to so great a degree, that this my Conversion was in a short time published throughout all the *City*, and

from all parts thereabouts a mighty affluence of people ran to hear me, whereupon the Learnedest people perceiving that no other compositions were honoured like mine; all their works were put out under my name, and that none of their works might be known one from another, they passed them all under the Title of *Pasquin's*, as though it had been unlawful for any but *Pasquin* to compose Satyrs and Libels. Various accidents occurred unto me at this time; for the Ecclesiasticks, against whom I most whetted my Poetry, were so incensed to see their Errors publisht by me, procured me often to be thrown into the Fire, that I might be reduced to a Flint Stone, to have removed me out of their sight, but they were stopt in their intentions by a Revelation, that I had been transformed from a Man into a Speaking-Stone by the will of Heaven, to shew the world that the Vices of Men have been observed by the very Stones that have neither Life nor Senses.

M. I remember by this your discourse that I once heard a very famous Preacher declare in the Pulpit that at the Day of Judgment the very Wood and Stones would speak and publish those guilts which had been committed in secret.

P. 'Tis certain without all dispute, and I wish thee to believe it, that the *Pasquimates* of Rome are the very Image of the Day of Judgment, whilst the Stone speaks to reprove the Ecclesiasticks for their many failings. But to come closer to our time, I will tell thee, that when the Chair was empty by the death of *Alexander*, the common Exclamations of all *Christendom* concurred, as thou knowest very well, to bring in Witnesses to examine what things were laid to the charge of that Pope. Now I that was very well informed of all the things of the world, had a great desire to know what was the Opinion of him in Hell and in Heaven; and whilst I was tossed about with these thoughts, the violent imagination of Death and Hell turned my Brains, like the drunken Saints of the Cloysters, or whether the Heavens had a mind to give me more Experience in the things of both this and the other world, that I might with more certainty convince the Ecclesiasticks of their guilt, I fell into an Extasie, and saw what I could never have believed, and was in places so different from any in this world, that I could never have imagined I should have returned to see thee again in this world.

M. Tell me then, I pray thee, all that befel thee, for I imagine it must needs be very curious, and every Novelty is pleasant.

P. I cannot tell thee, what the stroke of death is, but I know very well that I was greatly oppressed, and something within me forced my living Soul out of my Body, and so I flew immediately into the first Regions of the Air, where I found thousands of millions of Aerial

al Spirits, which buzzed about like Bees flying up and down to seek for a Hive; but I passed on without any impediment to the second Region, where I was mightily puzzled, not knowing what path to take, and whilst I was tortured with this confusion, I saw a certain person at a great distance off, which I took for the Soul of some Fryar that was waiting for his Sentence, but I was mistaken, for he was either an Interpreter, or a guide for Strangers, who having seen me afar off, came to me to know what I desired, and to shew me the way. I was extremely pleased to see him, and accosted him with great joy, and he answered me with all civilities, and intreated to know my name, which I presently told him, and prayed him to conduct me, to some full inhabited place: Because I was ever used to see a great number of people; to this my request he answered me, there were three ways to take my choice of; one led to Paradise, the second to Purgatory, and the third to Hell.

M. Is it true then that there is a Purgatory? and yet they deny it with a Sword in their hands.

P. Who says they deny it? There is no body purges more than they; for they throw their Sir-reverences in every corner of their City. It is very true that in a Democracy it is impossible to shut either the Mouth or the Tail of the people, as you see in that City, where the civilier the people of high and indifferent Quality are, the more rude and boarish the *Plebeians* are.

M. What resolution then didst thou take when that stranger offered thee that choice of three ways.

P. You may easily judge that I prayed him to lead me into Paradise, which he most willingly did, declaring that it was his most particular Office; so taking to that path he bid me follow him, and I who knew not where I was, did not only follow him, but took hold of his Girdle to be the more secure, we passed over then a narrow Bridge, which was so exceeding high that it made our hair stand an end; after which we met with so many great Rocks, Cliffs, Ditches and Precipices, that I could hardly believe that this was the way to Paradise, and I fancied we had lost the right path, but my companion assured me we had not; and I was a little better encouraged, because we presently saw a few persons of each Sex labouring to go on in the same hard way, and it was a great pleasure to see how they swate and toyl'd to beat the path.

M. This is a great sign that the Faithful must suffer and labour to obtain the glories promised to them.

P. Very certain! But to tell you the truth, I had the pleasure to pass through that strait path at the labour and sweat of others; in fine after a long Voyage we arrived at the Gates of Paradise, which were very

very little and strait: Nay more, there were three doors, every one of them straiter than the other. And at the first Gate stood two Angels, who would minutely know every thing of us, because one was the Examiner, and the other the Secretary; and the Examiners Office was to know what they could say, who pretended to enter into Paradise, and the other read the process of their Life. The Examiner then, as soon as they saw us, asked my Guide who I was, and he having told him that I was a *Roman* (I having in the way discovered my self to him) he began to laugh so loud that I was pleased to see him, but when he had left laughing, not being content with the information he had received from my Conductor, he turned unto me and asked me these following questions, What is your name? What Countrey-man are you, and whence do you come? What have you done in the other world? What do you come to do in this? What good do you bring hither? What evil have you left there? What way have you passed? How many days have you been a coming? Did you come a foot or a horseback? and an hundred thousand such questions; but the greatest concern was, that the Secretary at the same time asked me the Articles of my Faith, and an account of what I had done in the other Life, at which demand I was astonished, not having thought that in Paradise they had required such an exact information; and he perceiving my amazement, and that I had no Faith to shew no reasonable answers he dismissed me with these words, What then, you are one of those brave honest men, who having lived a long time in ignorance believe they may have the Gates of Paradise open at their pleasure. I am sorry Friend that you as well as many others have deceived your self, and come hither with the hopes of entering in without any difficulty, but are afterwards forced to seek for an Habitation somewhere else. Know then that here they look narrowly into the actions of others, and therefore the place is for some particular persons, and not for all; yet many enter who did not believe they should get in, and many kept out who fancied themselves within.

This whilst I remembered my self that I had with me, I cannot tell how many Papal Indulgences signed with the Popes own Hand, which I took out instantly to shew him, esteeming them effectual to facilitate my entrance into the place, but I found my self mistaken, for one of the Angels had no sooner perceived that this was a Pass from the Datory of *Rome*, but he began to cry out, Get ye gone from hence, get ye gone from hence; and so turned away his face from me, which I perceiving, immediately threw away my Indulgences, which did so please the Angels that they turned to me and said, All Indulgences were bought and invented by the Clergy only to draw Money out of the people; and that since the Popes had begun to be so prodigal of their

their Indulgences, the Monarch of Heaven had given order that the Chains of the Coelestial Gates should be doubled, to take away the hope of all those who pretended to gain Heaven by buying such like Indulgences, for God will have his Souls acknowledge the possession of the Heavenly Glory to his infinite mercies and goodness, and not to the power the Popes have Usurped in the World.

M. 'Tis indeed a great enormity, for they speak so much of Indulgences amongst the Christians, as if Paradise had been made only to be disposed of at their pleasures, and what is worse, they speak of Christ as if he had not died for our sins.

P. But whatever they think of, or pretend to in Paradise, I am sure that if the Souls which are in the other world could rise again, the first thing they would drive out of the world would be the Popes, because they occasion the Damnation of many, and the Salvation of none.

M. Didst thou stay a long time with these two Angels at the Gates of Paradise?

P. Above two hours, nay, If I should say three I should not Lie.

M. In that time if thou didst not see other Souls come in at that place there must needs be other Gates to come in at.

P. No, there is no other Gate to enter in at, nor any one that appeared there all the while I stay'd.

M. That's impossible, since they commonly say that Souls fly into Heaven by thousands and thousands.

P. These are the Doctrines of the Priests, which Lie like the Devil, and sell abundance of these Fuz-balls by Owl-light to deceive Idiots, for no body else can possibly give credit to them, nay, I had been cozen'd my self to such a degree, that I thought Souls had gone into Heaven in as great crowds as they go to receive the Jubile from the Pope; but now seeing that for two hours there was no concourse of Souls at all, I begged of the Angel to tell me the reason of it, who told me that it proceeded from the too much Faith which the Christians gave to the Popes; some being lost by believing nothing at all, others by believing every thing, and gave me a reason for it, from the Seven Trumpets which *St. John* Records in the *Apocryph* which must have done sounding before the end of the world; that Six of them were past in the time of *St. Paul*, which was about the 3000 year of the world, and therefore the last by the same computation should have been ended before now because it is 1600 years, yet the Trumpet had not done sounding by reason the empty places are not yet filled up. I then beseeched him again to tell me why they were so long a filling up, and he replied, that there was no likelihood that they should be filled up whilst the Popes turned them out of the right way. And indeed,

deed, *Marforius*, I would have thee know, that till that time that the Papacy was introduced into the Church, Souls flocked into Heaven, and the Heavens stood open to them : But since that was brought in, and the Romish Bishops began to ingrandize themselves above all persons, and to proclaim that it belonged to them to open and shut Paradise; the Heavens grew angry, and have shut up their Gates so against them, that there is no hopes of getting in without being at enmity with the Popes; so that I fancy the world is to remain more than six thousand years more, if but one Soul only in two hours can get into Heaven.

M. But why were not the Gates then presently open to thee, which wast ever such an enemy to the Popes?

P. 'Twas enough for me to be so near : Besides, there is something more required than that.

M. What didst thou do then when thou wast excluded out of that place? what way tookest thou?

P. I begged that they would at least permit me to go visit the Popes, because I was a Roman Citizen; but both the Angels answered me, there was no Popes had entred in there by the established Decree of the Eternal Father, since the 800 year after the Incarnation of his Son; i. e. since the corruptions of Popery crept into the world, to avoid all Idolatry, lest those who had been such fools to have been induced by the temptations of the wicked Priests, to adore the Pope upon Earth, should be in danger of shewing themselves such sotts as to worship them in Heaven: This was the answer that both the Angels made me; but one of them after spoke more clearly to me, saying, I know very well by this your Question, that you are a Roman Pilgrim, imbibed with that perverse Doctrine which they teach in *Rome*, where 'tis believed that all the Popes as soon as they die mount straight to Heaven.

But rid your self, O Pilgrims! from this vain deceit, and know, that the Popes of the *Vatican* are incompatible with the Citizens of Heaven. Be content with this one example I will give you for all; that if *Lucifer* fell from Heaven into such a great Abyss for but once desiring to be like unto God, without being able to recover himself; how much more difficult would it be for the Popes to continue in Heaven, who make themselves superiour unto God? for *Lucifer's* sin was much less than sinned only by intention, whereas the Pope's sin is actual. I remained still more astonished than ever, and with humble prayers supplicated the Angel that he would be pleased at least to instruct me what path I might take to go to that place where they were, when he without answering me a word whispered to him that was with me, whereupon he bid me immediately follow him, and we two walked on towards certain obscure and solitary places, full of so many Cliffs
and

and horrid Rocks, that for my part I esteemed it Hell, and the rather, because I saw round about the Rocks a great quantity of Serpents, the most part of which had Fryers habits upon their backs; and now I began to lay aside my thoughts and desires of travelling on further, when my Comrade told me that there was no going back; for that way had a singular propriety to permit one to go forward, but never to return back; and he added, perhaps to comfort me, that the Popes had a particular place, which was neither Hell nor Paradise, but only a Demy-hell: And whilst he told me this, Lo a great Castle presented it self to my eyes, not above two miles off, but so spacious, that it was able to receive a million of Souls. Behold, says my Comrade, there is Vatican of the deceased Popes. I marvelled at two things in it; first, at the immense height and vastness of the Tower; and secondly, to see such a Fabrick supported by a foundation so weak, that none imagine it could uphold it.

M. What dost thou tell me? How can this be? and what were these feeble foundations?

P. Of Meddals, of Fryers Cowsls, of Monks Hats, Censers, Disciplines, Hair-cloths, Chains, knotted Cords, Images. Caps of a thousand colours, Sandals, Clogs, Shoes, Pontifical Mitres, Nuns Veils, red and green Hats, Girdles, Ropes, Saints Reliques, Bulls, Candles, Breviaries, Books of Divinity, Herbs, Pulse, Pastes, and such like things, which were all plaistered together with Clay and Lime; and this was the basis of the whole foundation of that vast Machine, that it was no small pleasure for me to see it.

M. There is no doubt then but this fabrick must fall into ruine, there being so great a disproportion between its weights and its foundation.

P. I believe so: and now being come near to the Walls of this Palace, we found them built well enough, and upon the top of it stood four Statues, which were the Images of Hypocrisie, Superstition, Pride and Ignorance: the two sides of the Gate were engraved, one with the Copy of *Constantines* Donation, with a particular inscription signifying that the Original was in their hands; the other side with some Trophies of those first Popes, who by degrees had brought Kings and Emperors under their feet. I sat down to laugh when I saw the Figures of some Emperors engraven there, with their breeches in the Air, and their faces on the ground, kissing the feet of some of their Popes; and there were also other Sculptures, so obscure and ambiguous, I could not understand them. Now, whilst I was observing these things, my Guide was knocking at the Gate, but none answering him, he knocked the second time, and perceiving still that no body came towards the door, he began to knock in great fury that they made him wait so

long : but I, who knew very well the nature of the Popes, that very late, if ever, give Audiences, was not scandalized at this delay. Yet my Guide, who was impatient to endure it, told me, that upon this account, he would believe henceforward that the Popes were of a different temper from Christ, who had said, *Knock, and it shall be opened to you* : Whereas the Popes, the harder one knocked, the faster they shut the doors ; to which I answered him, that Christ had said these words to his Sheep, and the Popes spoke them only to their own Nephews, at whose first knock they ever opened their doors. But at last a certain Old man, with a hoarse voice, came to open the door, but he first opened a little window, through which he asked us who we were ? my Guide answered, that I was a Roman Citizen, that desire to see those holy Mountains : The Old man answered, That I must first tell him my Name, and my Sir-name. When I told him, he no sooner heard the name of *Pasquino*, but with a discomposed face, and threatening voice he said to me, Thou art he then, that with so many railing Libels and Invectives, perverts the minds of our Profelytes, to the great damage of our Dominion, drawing men from our service, and counselling them not to worship as we do. Away from this place, for we will not admit in any scoffers, detractors, or back-biters. I answered him ; My profession never was to invent Lyes, but to vindicate the Truth ; and I would have perused other Arguments in my defence ; but the good Old man, at the sound of that word of Truth, presently withdrew, and shut the window, without saying another word ; which made me remember that passage of *Pilate*, who having asked, *Quid est Veritas* &c. i. e. What is Truth ? never stayed for an answer, but immediately *exiit foras*, went out : From whence I concluded with my self, that it is the Property of the Popes to avoid the Truth ; and then turning to my Comrade, I told him, laughing, that there was certainly in that *Vatican* many things fit to be scorned and derided ; because they would let no body in that was capable to note and observe them. Nevertheless, being much troubled that I could not enter in, I asked my Guide, what we should do not to lose our time and our labour ? he answered then, that he thought it best to go round about to see if there were not some other Gate in the custody of a discreeter Porter. Thus withdrawing some spaces from the wall to secure our selves lest they should chance to shoot at us, we went round to seek for some other entrance, observing in this time the structure of that Vast Mole. One whole day we continued thus wandring, without seeing any thing like a Gate ; but towards the Evening we discovered some certain Caves and Holes, strait, but very deep, through which we thought we might have got an entrance, but it was not possible.

M. What Holes were these ? but you did well not to enter through them,

them, because you had run the hazard of being hanged for Thieves: for the Gospel tells us, *They that enter not in through the Door are Thieves and Robbers.*

P. Dost thou not know that the Popes have reversed all the holy Scriptures, being resolved to Act quite contrary to Christ: therefore none but Thieves enter into the Popes Palace Doors; and those that entred in by those Holes and Caves were brave men. Now, if thou desirest to know what these Holes were, I will tell thee what I think of them, and what I have read in some old Manuscripts; they were breaches made by *Marcion, Montanus, Novatian* the Roman, *Sabellius* and *Arrius*, who all strive their utmost against this Vast Mole to destroy it. But notwithstanding they fought several Ages, they could never get in, because the Popes ever drive them back. We then seeing it would be in vain for us to attempt to enter in by these Caves, followed on our way; but night overtaking us, and we being both weary and hungry, we lay down upon the ground upon our backs, and our mouths wide open.

M. If any of them had shit, you had been in a fine case.

P. Where they do not eat, dear Brother, they do not sh—Indeed, if I had been near the *Roman Vatican*, I had not dared to have slept with my mouth open, lest some of the Popes Nephews should have squirted into it, since they eat till they are ready to burst. For 'tis certain those Most Excellent Nephews have done so many villanies and insolencies against the poor Roman Citizens, that perhaps they would have compleated their good actions with so much stink; therefore I am resolved never to trust them so much as to open my mouth in their sight.

M. Pray whence comes this, that you lolled with your mouths open?

P. To the intent that if any of that party should pass by us, they might take us for Priests, and so leave us to our selves.

M. Do the Prelates then in that Country sleep with their mouths open?

P. I know not how they sleep in those parts, because I have not yet seen them: but I know very well, that they are so far from sleeping, that they continually watch for the raining of Manna in the *Vatican* to fill their throats with.

M. I thought that the blessing of raining Manna had been peculiar to the Jews of the Old Testament.

P. Thou art deceived, it belongs no less to the Jews of the New Testament, but with this difference, that the Jews of the Old Testament had their Manna when they came from the fetters of *Pharaoh*, and the Jews of the New Testament when they go in Prisoners into the Popes Chains. But there is another difference more notable, which

is, that those ancient Jews were brought by force into *Pharaoh's* bondage, but these new Jews voluntarily imprison themselves in the Popes bonds.

M. Who are these Jews you speak of, and what sort of Manna is it that rains upon them in *Rome*?

P. With reverence be it spoken unto thee, *Marforius*, thou art a very *Ignoramus*; Dost thou not know that the Jews of the New Testament are the Clergy of *Rome*, who, in imitation of the Antient Jews, who condemned the words of Christ, do not only condemn the words, but, the very works, and holy Scriptures of Christ, having expressly forbidden the people to read them in any Language, but only that which is past their understanding? and herein is obvious the great difference between Christ and the Popes; since that when the Antient Jews would have crowned Christ King, he fled from them, refusing a Kingdom from the hands of the Jews. But the Popes refuse nothing; but as soon as the Ecclesiastical Lords present them with a Crown, they receive it joyfully. And as for the Manna which rains upon them now, 'tis of a nature infinitely different from that other; for the old Israelites loathed the first Manna. But this makes the Ecclesiasticks still more hungry again; that Manna was given to a people almost starved, that wanted refreshment; but this other is never dispensed but to the fattest, and the richest, and consequently to such as have least need of it.

M. But what is this Manna? explain thy self quickly, for my mouth waters.

P. Thou mayest shut thy mouth at thy leisure, for none of it will rain upon either thee or me: but, shall I tell thee what this Manna is? 'tis Prebendaries, Pensions, Canonries, Abbacies, Bishopricks, Arch-Bishopricks, Patriarchships, and Cardinalships, and other such like things. Behold the Roman Manna, which is never given to any poor people, but to the richest; as thou very well knowest; some being crammed with them, and others getting nothing at all. And I would also have thee know, that this Manna is of that nature, that the more one eats of it, the more he would eat; and the good Prelates of this Age are not such fools as the old Jews that desired to have exchanged their Manna for the Leeks and Garlick of *Egypt*: for our Prelates leave the Onions and Garlick, i. e. the labour and pains, to certain poor Curates, whilst they themselves enjoy the sweetness of this Manna, and ever hold their mouths open to gape for more.

M. I could wish heartily that sometimes a good Mess of Broth concocted in the belly were discharged into their mouths to fill them.

P. We want some of these Potrages you speak of; for the Prelates are like Dog-grass, which from one Root produces a thousand shoots.

There

There are not so many Thieves in all *Europe*, as there are Priests in *Italy* alone, which stand gaping for Manna from the Pope. But now, to return to the thread of our discourse, my Companion and I rise early the next morning to pass on in our Journey; we had scarce gone two miles when we began to hear a horrible loud noise, which frightened us a little, yet hoping to find some end of our desires, we began to walk on; and in a very little time we saw one of the Towers of the *Vatican* thrown down to the ground, and abundance of *Swedes*, *Danes*, *Germans*, and other Nations climbed up upon it, and made great attempts; in the mean time many *Spaniards* and *Italians* that were within, endeavoured to repair the breach, yet could not hinder but a great number of people, all goodly persons, entred in, who courageously combated to overthrow all the *Vatican*. But the Devils of *Spain* and *Italy* opposed all their attempts, and spoiled all: But when we were come close to this breach, I saw a certain French-man, whom I had known in *Rome*, and I asked him, What is this? and he told me, it was a Tower that *Luther* had overthrown, by which breach those Nations had entred in. I had a mind to shuffle in amongst the rest, but was afraid of passing over those Ruines, and the rather, because I saw the defence of the contrary part was very great; I turned about to consult with my Guide, but I could not see him, nor know how he was lost amongst that crowd of people, which made me the more astonished and confused, that I knew not what else to do but to intreat the French-man not to leave me. And he, continuing his usual Civility, seeing my desires so inclined to go in, bid me follow him, which I willingly did; but going on a little more than a hundred paces from the Tower thrown down by *Luther*, I met with a deep breach which went a great way in; and while I stood looking upon it, the French-man told me, I might go in boldly, for that was a breach made by *Calvin*, and enlarged by others; however, I was a while in suspense, but soon after, seeing a great number of *English*, *Hollanders* and *Switzers* go in, and with these a great many *French*, and *High Dutch* mingled, I took courage and followed them, and rather because the French-man lent me his hand.

M. In fine, you may meet with honest men in all places, and this French-man must be a brave fellow.

P. So he was; and the more, because he never shewed himself very passionate towards this *Vatican*, neither do I believe he would have shed many tears if he had seen the whole building thrown down: and so we entred through the mouth of that Mine, which was much greater than one could have judged it; there being many Bryars and Bushes which hid it, that the bigness of it might not be seen, being laid on purpose that none might guess what it was indeed. But I must tell

tell thee one thing, my dear *Marforium*, which is this, that though I was much tired in this Journey, and wearied with so much pains; yet going through this Mine I felt, I cannot tell you what refreshments, in despite of those Thorns which were round about the Entrance, which pricked me now and then on every side of my body. In the extremity of the Mine stood a person with a very lean, yet devout face, who held in his hand a Flag with an Inscription of one side with these words, *Post Tenebras Lux, i. e.* after Darknes comes Light; and of the other side, *Venite ad me omnes qui laboratis, & onerati estis, & ego reficiam vos, i. e.* Come unto me all that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you. As soon as I had read these two Motto's, I was mightily comforted, and the good man asked me my Name, and my Sir-name: then I said within my self, I am gravelled again, for if this person should serve me as the other did, I shall be sure to be stop't; so that I was almost resolved to change my Name, but thinking better of it, I judged it fit to proceed with sincerity, therefore I answered him that my Name was Mr. *Pasquino* a Roman: he seemed to be extremely pleased with that answer, only adding, that I needed only to have named my self *Pasquino*, because the name of Roman was not well liked here; after that he told me, that none was permitted to enter into that place of the side that he guarded, till they first confessed what he himself had been forc't to confess, and all the rest of his company; I told him then, that I desired to be informed what was needful for me to confess; and he replied, tell me friend, which of the two dost thou believe to be Head of the Church, Christ or the Pope?

M. This was a hard Question; for my part I should have answered that they were both Heads.

P. That would have been the answer of a foolish, ignorant and wicked Christian; I wonder thou art not yet instructed better in this point. What! thou believest the Church hath two Heads as the Emperor's Eagle. The Eagle of two Heads was the Invention of a German Poet, and the Church with two Heads was the Invention of the Roman Priests.

M. I cannot Reason so finely; I go on in a plainer way: but what didst thou answer him then?

P. I confess that I believed the Church had only one Head, which was Christ; nor would I ever believe there was any other Head, because I would not run into such a diabolical Herefie: for the having so many Heads, and so many Bodies are proper to *Cerberus's*, *Briareus's* and Devils, and not to coelestial creatures; and therefore it was necessary to believe as I believed, that the Church hath one only Head, and one only Spouse, and that is Christ our Lord; and that all others are Members of the Church, one of which is the Pope. As soon as he heard

heard this, he rose from his seat, and came to embrace me with great tenderness, saying, Truly thy words shew thee to be that pleasant *Pasquin* who I have so often heard spoken of with infinite praise; thou art heartily welcom; and when he had said so, he hugged me several times, and called me his Brother in Christ.

M. This title is not so common in the Roman *Vatican*, for the Popes give it to none but Cardinals.

P. It would be better for the Cardinals if the Pope would leave off calling them Brethren, seeing he doth not a little flatten their reputation in this world; besides that he makes them perverse and wicked in the other.

M. How can this be? thou art either too obscure, or I am too dull to comprehend thee.

P. They that come nearest the Fire are the hottest; and they that come nearest to Clay and Dirt, are the most defiled: this is a general Rule in Philosophy, therefore it must needs follow, that those who draw nearest to evil are the most wicked. Now every one knows that the Popes are the fountains of all those evils which the Church hath suffered; therefore the Popes calling the Cardinals Brethren, they cannot avoid the reproach of having their part in every mischief. Moreover, the Popes are like Pitch, which defiles them most that roul in it.

M. What can then be said of Kings which the Pope calls his Sons?

P. This also is a great Cheat: the Popes believe they have given half the Heavens, and half the Earth to Kings, by giving them the title of Sons; and Kings think they receive the other half of the Earth, and the rest of Heaven, every time they call the Pope their Father: yet that title serves to no purpose but to lowre and vilifie Kings in the presence of the Popes, and to render the Pope too proud and high in the presence of Kings; all the rest of it is nothing but smoke: and tell me the truth, my dear *Marforio*, whether doth the Natural and Divine Law teach a man to love his Children or his Nephews best? without doubt his Children: but this Rule is not observed with the Popes; for they rob all the Treasure of the Church, and apply to their own occasions; and when they die, give it all to their Nephews, without leaving any thing to their Sons. *Urban* the 8th. *Innocent* the 10th. and *Alexander* the 7th. are great instances of this, who left more than seven millions of Pistols to their Nephews, and to the poor Emperor oppressed with the Turk nothing at all but the title of Son, I would curse him a hundred times a day to the Devil.

M. I beseech you do not fall into passion, but go on with the discourse; how did the Caresses end between you and that honest man?

P. He perceiving me to be alone, for the French-man was gone back

back to his own affairs, promised me to be my faithful Companion, and conduct me to see all those places. First then, he carried me up a very high Ladder, on the top of which was a Terrace that looked towards Heaven, and when we were there, he bid me look up, and as I looked, I thought I saw the Mother of our Lord, shining with great glory, but I did not see any Pearls, or Jewels, or Gold, or Silver, which amazing me very much, and my new friend perceiving it, asked me what was the cause of it? whereupon I answered him, that having several times seen the *Madonna of Loretto*, loaded with Jewels, and Gold of inestimable value, I wondred how she was now deprived of those rich gifts; to which he instantly replied, that that Lady of *Loretta* was not the Mother of our Lord, but the Mother of the Priests; for she not only gives them money enough to buy them food, but also to feed their prodigality; neither are we to believe there is any correspondence betwixt the Mother of Christ in Heaven, and that Mother of the Priests on Earth; and possibly, I replied, the faithful, who give such vast Offerings and Alms, believe they put them all into the hands of the Mother of our Lord, and shall draw from her the remuneration of graces. Would to God it were so, said he immediately; but the mischief is, that the poor *Fideles* impoverish themselves, to enrich the Priests; so that being sham'd into that false belief, they thereby commonly lose both their Moneys and Rewards.

I have been fifteen times at *Loretto*, to impetrate some blessings, which my Curate told me I should undoubtedly obtain, and every time I carried some Gift; I still returned with a desire of attaining that which I thought I should have attained; but that which is most material, my Curate seeing me ever return empty handed, he told me, it was through defect of my Faith. I durst answer him nothing then, because I was in the other world where the Inquisition reigns. But I said within my self, It's enough that the Priests have so much Faith as to take the Gifts, whatever becomes of the rest. But now I am in a place where Truth is unveiled; I am informed of all those Errors in which so many unfortunate poor people are plunged; and 'tis a wonder to see how the Christians can imagine that there should be Simony in Heaven, when the Popes have banished it out of the world; 'tis a Diabolical thing not to be forgotten, that the Popes have established and decreed a most severe Bull, that under no pretence of Alms, Donatives or Debts, any one should receive the least thing imaginable out of hope of obtaining any benefits or indulgencies; yet the Christians of *Rome*, deceived, alas! by the Roman Priests, commit solemn Simony, and indent with Heaven under the name of a Vow; some promising a pair of silver Candlesticks to our Lady of *Loretto*, some a Lamp to St *Nicholas* of *Toledo*, some a silver Statue

to St. *Antony of Padua*, some this thing, and some that thing, to this or that Saint, upon condition of obtaining their request; and in case of not obtaining it, the Vow to become null. I know that in the Great Dukes Gallery in *Florence*, they shew an Altar-piece of Massy Silver, which was made upon the occasion of a Vow made by the Great Dutchess to St. *Charles*, but because the desired Grace was not obtained, the Altar remains in the Great Dukes hands, mocking at the Vow, since the Saint had mocked at the Offering. This example made me remember another, which I did not fail to relate to my friend. That Roman Lady being barren, whose Husband was very desirous of Children, she recommended her self to the prayers of her Confessor, who was a *Theatine* Father, making use of all those means that are necessary for such a blessing. Finally, after two years use of prayers made in her own Chamber, the effect of the blessing began to appear, there being manifest signs of her conception; whereupon the Father Confessor being greatly pleased, and the Lady no less, they both possessed the Husband that it proceeded from a Vow made to the blessed *Cajetan*; and thereupon the poor Husband was to make a silver Statue, which must be presented by his Wife to the blessed *Cajetan*: but the mystery was, that this Statue must be solemnly blessed by this Confessor, whilst the Husband and Wife were kneeling before him with so great a Devotion, that all the rest of the Fathers rejoiced.

M. Thou wilt make me never credit such like Vows again; but what did your venerable friend say to this?

P. He fell a laughing, but yet modestly; and I in the mean time begged of him to know where were the other Mothers of God; at which he laughed out, and said, What, dost thou think then that God hath many Mothers, or that there are many Gods? I told him no, I had ever believed one only God, and one Virgin Mother; but that which made me speak, was, that I had heard them at *Rome* discourse of the Mother of God, of the Rosary, of the Mother of God of *Popolo*, of the Mother of God of the *Carmine*, and of so many others, that the number of them is infinite. Truly, said he again, the people of *Rome* have great need of that Mother of God of *Loretto*, that she might lend them her Treasures, to ease them from the many insupportable Exactions which the Popes Nephews have laid upon them. It were better, said I, for the people, to find out some kind *Madonna* like her who obtained the Victory against the Turks, that by her means they might be once delivered from the Popes Nephews, which are worse than the Turks. Come, let us leave, said he, all these Mothers of God invented by the Priests, just as the old Poets invented a great number of Deities, and let us go down to see the particularities of this *Vatican*. No, I beseech you, replied I, have a little patience with

me, and help me first to the sight of the Saints, which are the Senators of Heaven, and the Advocates of the Earth; for I see none here, and yet they see so many in the world. This Question did so extremely displease him, that chiding me heartily for such a folly, he proceeded to say, For ought I see, thou thinkest God is grown so old, that he hath not strength enough left to govern the world alone, and so calls in the Saints to assist him. I seeing him in a rage, endeavoured to pacify him, professing it had never been my belief, but that I always thought God was the only Ruler of all things, without any help or assistance; but the Priests made the poor Christians believe that God operated nothing at all but through the intercessions of his Saints; 'tis no news to me, added he then, that the Priests joy in the Ignorance of the faithful, and they borrow for lending too much Faith to the Priests. 'those who read the sacred Scripture, have no need to lose themselves by the Lectures of the Priests.

M. He was well acquainted with the Plague which reigns at present amongst the Christians in *Europe*.

P. After this he made me go down, and at the foot of the Ladder he asked me whether I was satisfied; to which Question I answered, that my Curiosity did but begin to be inflamed, whilst my Intentions were only set upon seeing where the Popes lived; therefore the longer I was kept from seeing them, the more violently my Curiosity increased; yet the Romans (said he then to me) ought to be glutted with the sight of the Popes, having perhaps seen too many with their eyes, and touched too many with their hands; so that methinks they should esteem it high time to rid themselves of such Plagues, who infect the very Liberty of Princes, and disturb the Tranquillity of the People: yet since thou hast such an anxiety still to see the Popes, let us go, I will accompany thee not only to shew thee the way, but to take care of thee, lest thou shouldst break thy neck; for usually near the Papal Habitations, there are great Precipices, which are not seen till after one is fallen down into them. Thus discoursing, we walked on, through a round Gallery, which looked liker the house of some Magician, than the Palace of the Popes; at the end was a most magnificent Hall of a quadrangular form, lofty, and of an admirable structure, but it trembled like a Bush. I would have stopt, apprehending the Machine would have fallen down upon my back, and buried me in its ruins, but my Comrade encouraged me, saying, there was no danger yet, for the time of the destruction of that place was not yet come; invigorated by these words, I advanced further on, to see whence it could proceed that a Machine that was so beautiful, and built with such strong walls, should be liable to shake in that manner, as if it had been a little Tree newly planted in the midst of an open Field

M. There must needs be some mystery in that, because it is contrary to the course of nature.

P. Thou must understand that this Hall is upheld by a multitude of Fryers and Priests, who kneeling with their hands upon their knees, bare it upon their backs, and they began already to put their hands upon the ground, which made them appear more like beasts than men. And because it was impossible for me to observe it without my kneeling, I made no bones of it, to satisfy my curiosity; it being very pleasant to me to observe the posture of those wretched Fryers; for some of them knocked their Noses to the ground, and others endeavoured to bear themselves up, and others had a mind to lie flat down, to leave all the weight upon the rest of their fellows; others cursed those who had planted them to bear up that building. On the back-side there was a multitude of persons heaving with their shoulders against the Wall of this Hall, striving to throw down this building: but that which imports most was, that they did it with so great delight and force, that their sweat ran down all over their faces; being amazed at this, I asked my friend of it, who informed me thus; Those which thou seest uphold this Fabrick, are the Divines and Doctors of the Roman Church; and because the fatigue is great, they would be willing to be discharged of it, but it is impossible for them to be freed, being nailed there by their own fault. At first they bore it all upon their heads, standing upright; but afterwards being oppressed with the extremity of the weight, they bowed down their heads, receiving the weight upon their necks; but those being weakened, they shifted it all upon their shoulders, whereon they upheld the building a great while, until their strength failed them, and then they bowed down to the Earth, as you saw them. Those other who stand in a posture to throw down all this pile into ruine, are the Doctors and Divines of the contrary Religion, who labour stoutly for the destruction of this Fabrick, and would have done it before now, if it were not for the Assistance which they often receive from the benignity of Princes. When he had said this, he shewed at the four corners of the Hall four Princes, who were stretching their wits to prop it up, which was it that kept it upright; for still, as the others endeavoured to overthrow it, these staid it with the props which they held in their hands; neither can it be discerned which were the readier, the one to maintain it, or the other to throw it down.

M. What Princes were these who so much concerned themselves for the supporting of this place?

P. The Emperor, the King of *Spain*, and the King of *Poland* at three corners, and at the fourth many Catholick Princes joyned together as well *Germans* as *Italians*: but yet the greatest support is that which is given by the Emperor and the King of *Spain*.

M. I have ever heard that *France*, and the Republick of *Venice*, have brought a great many props to hold up the *Vatican*; how comes it then that you say nothing here of them?

P. Softly; you do not give me time to tell all this will come after; but since thou art in such haste to know it, I will tell thee that the King of *France*, and the Republick of *Venice*, defend the *Vatican*, as thou sayest, with Policy, that is to say, with moderation: and altho' some Ages past these two Potentates, without considering of the infinite charge, and the hazard they put their own States to, ran furiously to the defence of the Popes, when they saw them oppressed either with the ambition of Princes, or the force of Heresies: yet their principal end was, not to help the Popes to grow so proud (being wise enough to foresee that which afterwards came to pass, whilst these good Popes growing great, not to say fat, by the protection of these two Monarchies, spurned at the obligation, and like Mules kicked at those who brought them their provender) but only to gain themselves a name of Piety and Zeal towards Religion with the people; so that from that time they have gone with leaden heels to the assistance of the Popes; and I see them in this part of the Hall which I have described to thee, walking up and down with their props in their hands; and I observe it is their policy to see the place attached, but not conquered; they are pleased to see it tremble and shak'd, but not to be precipitated or cast down; and therefore they incite the Combatants to fight against it; and when they see the Victory inclining to them, they immediately set to their props, not having the heart to see the place thrown down.

M. Now I do not doubt but that place was the habitation of the Popes, those particulars which thou relates so clearly manifesting it, that it would be a gross simplicity to question it.

P. There is no great wit required to conjecture it; I presently imagined it before the good man told me any thing of it, and was immediately confirmed in my opinion.

M. Why then did not the King of *Spain*, and those other Princes which strive so much to uphold that place, arm themselves instantly to fight against the Enemies, it being ever better to subdue an Enemy before they have had any success, than to drive them out again when they have got any footing?

P. 'Tis certain the Spaniard and the Emperour would have disturbed the whole world, and turned it up-side down, as they have often done with their violent Remedies, if the King of *France* and the *Venetian* Republick had not hindred them. But those two great Powers judged the things of Religion according to Policy, and on the contrary the other Princes judged of matters of Policy according to the

Laws.

Laws of Religion ; for the King of *France*, and the Republick of *Venice* know very well, that if the Hereticks had not mortified the Pope and his Ecclesiasticks, the Ecclesiasticks and the Pope would have been Hereticks against the Princes, and therefore they often help the Protestants at a pinch, not that they would defend their Religion, but that they might with their Religion mortifie the Popes, and by consequence be more humbled to the Catholick Princes. For my part I cannot say I ever received so much pleasure in so short a time, as when I stayed in the out-parts of this Pontifical Seat : for the King of *Spain* and the Emperor who upheld, now and then gave a kick to those Adversaries that sought to shake it ; the King of *France*, and the Republick of *Venice*, when they saw it, interposed, so that they put off most of the blows.

M. Dost thou take this to be well, to protect those who attempt the destruction of the Pontifical Majesty ?

P. If the Popes seek to destroy the Majesty of the Princes, why should not the Princes be permitted to procure the mortification of the Majesty of the Popes ? We must distinguish between mortification and destruction ; for the *French* and the *Venetians* endeavour only the mortification, but not the destruction of the Pontifical Greatness, and in truth they much more benefit the Church, than the other Princes do, who would destroy the whole world to please the Pope. But when the concern is for the Church of Christ, then the King of *France*, and the Republick of *Venice* are more zealous than the *Spaniards*, who esteem themselves so Catholical. But on the other side, when the Popes Interest is upon the Board, then the *Spaniards* are most zealous, and the *French* and the *Venetians*, if they do not stand out, are at least content with a natural heat, and upon this account, because the Zeal of the *Spaniards* looks more to the Interest of the Pope, than the Interest of the Church, and the Zeal of the others regards much more the benefit of the Church, than that of the Popes.

M. These Reasons of thine penetrate my heart, and make me think the *Spaniards* great Catholicks for the Popes, and great Hereticks to the Church, and the *French* and *Venetians* great Catholicks for the Church, and a little Heretical towards the Popes.

P. Very right : But now to return to our purpose, after I had observed all things without, my curiosity went on to see every thing within, but I durst not do it, though a Gate presented it self just before my eyes, where was an ascent of three or four steps : but I waited to have the venerable person, who conducted me, to shew me the way, which he did, by going in first without much ceremony. As soon as we entred that Great Hall, we saw a multitude of Popes, and every one set upon a seat fixed to the wall. I who knew the great Reverence that

that is used in the *Vatican* of *Rome*, walked very softly, my knees almost trembling; nay, I will tell you more, I sneaked behind a pillar, to shew my greater Reverence to the place, which being observed by my good friend, who went up and down so boldly, that he began to laugh, and drawing near to me, said thus, Throu favours, *Pasquin*, too much of a Citizen of *Rome*, that is to say, art but ill instructed in the nature of the *Vatican*; and indeed the *Romans* are like Fish which live in the salt water, yet are themselves insipid; so these *Romans* just live, because the *Vatican* suffers them to live, without understanding the nature of their *Vatican*; but I am not able to endure that such a person as thou art, so excellently well instructed in so many witty Subtilties, should still lie immersed in so gross an Ignorance. Know then, that to the modest persons that haunt the *Vatican*, it happens just as it does in *France*, to such as will needs stand upon their formality and civility at Table; for the *French* accustomed to their liberty of behaviour, eat all up, and the others rise hungry, and repent their starchy Modesty.

M. So that in *France* it seems they are no sooner set down at Table, but their hands must be put into the dish as quick as the rest of the company.

P. Most certainly, unless they desire to keep *Lent*, whilst the *French* keep *Easter*. But let me go on, I prethee, with the discourse my friend ran on in. Know, *Pasquino*, said he, that this bashfulness in the *Vatican* runs the same risque that it does at the Tables in *France*, where those that reach not out their hands, go without their Dinners; so that it is necessary in the *Vatican* to make use of the *French* boldness, that is, go confidently into all places, pry into the most reserved Writings in Cabinets, ask impudently for any thing they have a mind to, speak freely what they intend to do, look out for their Dinners without being invited; in fine, quarrel with the Masters in their own houses, if they give them not more than they offer to ask. Thus the *French* comport themselves where-ever they are admitted; and thus must all people do in the *Vatican*, or else they must come out as empty as they went in. Fruits never fall from their Trees, till they begin to lose their favour, and putrifie; so that those who make a Trade of them, must gather them before they decay. Modesty in the *Vatican* ruins those that use it. They that would have graces, must be importunate for them; and those that would receive favours, must earnestly beg them; and they that would not be rejected, must be skilful to put themselves forward. Those that rule in the *Vatican*, are usually deaf; and therefore it is necessary to speak aloud; or they are blind, and those that stand at a distance are not taken notice of; you must, if they be deaf, pull them by the Coat, tell who you are, and what you desire; and like *Jacob* with the Angel, not suffer them to depart till you have received

ceived the blessing; if they be deaf, take them about the neck, set your mouth to their ears, and cry out as the Jews do, when they call for their Messias, and repeat your note, till you have evident signs that all you say is well understood. Woe be to those that stand at the *Vatican Gates*, expecting that the Alms of some Benefit should be sent to them; for this is a place which can never be opened whilst the Popes keep the Keys themselves, unless it be those who can force it with *Paul's Sword*; since it is the nature of the Popes to despise those that over-value them, and to value those that despise them. The devout, the meek and the humble are openly neglected; the insolent, the rash and the proud immediately find Hats for their heads, because Cardinalships, Bishopricks, Abbys and Benefices, are never given by the Popes, but always stohn by the pretenders; therefore, my dear *Pasquino*, if thou wilt observe Modesty in that place, thou art certain to have nothing fall to thy share.

M. This discourse must much encourage thee, and inflame thy desires to go farther on.

P. It did so embolden me, that I got from behind the pillar, where I retired out of respect to the place; so that I walked in the midst of those Great Popes, strutting about with my hands on my Girdle like *Bartholomew of Bergamus*.

M. Methinks they should be enraged to see you in that posture; but perhaps none of them knew thee.

P. I think not, or at least they would not know me; and I was not scandalized at that, for I know it's the nature of the Popes neither to know, nor be familiar with any but those they have a mind to know. Besides, the Hall was great, and I was in the middle of it; therefore 'tis very possible that they might either not discover, or not observe me; therefore I resolved to begin on one side of the room, and walk on to the other; so drawing nearer to them, my venerable friend following me, I began to look on the faces of those holy Fathers one by one; when one of them instantly seeing me pass near him, took out a pair of Spectacles and looked earnestly at me for a while, then taking them off his Nose, he put them into their case, and took out another smaller pair; and looked at me with those as long as he had done with the other, which I did not much wonder at, because I believed he was short-sighted; for he had two pair of Spectacles, one to look at a distance, and the other near hand; and he had committed an error in taking the wrong first; but after, when I saw that all the rest of them did the same as we were passing before them, I could not but be amazed, because I could not imagine that all the Popes were so short-sighted as to need two sorts of Spectacles; but the good man that was near to me, perceiving my amazement, to clear my mind from so many wandering

wandering imaginations said to me, *Pasquino*, for ought I see thou art in no little wonder at this manner of the Popes looking at those that draw near them. Alas! thou shouldst rather wonder if they should look at any one as other folks do; for it is their nature to do every thing quite contrary to all others, perhaps to make them know that they are Gods and not Men, seeing they don't act like Men, which they are, but like Gods which they pretend to be. The Spectacles which thou sawest them put on and take off, have their particular virtues; for the one pair makes things shew bigger and greater than they are, and contrarily the other makes every thing appear so little, that they mutilate the very nature of many: Therefore when they will make a Flie an Elephant, they put on the first pair; and when they will make an Elephant a Flie, they put on the second. I no sooner heard this discourse, but my thoughts ran to the Roman *Vatican*, and I began to discourse thus with my self: Now I understand the reason why so many poor worthy and deserving Prelates who have served the Church with so much labour, and sweat for many years, are returned to their own Houses without any reward, but only having the faculty of going hastily out of *Rome*. And on the contrary so many scandalous paltry Priests, that deserve no other honour than the Gallows, who, as soon as they come to *Rome*, are seen suddenly to be promoted to the highest degree of Prelacy, to the great astonishment and heart-breaking of Christian people.

M. For my part I have been a thousand times Scandalized at such proceedings, and would have been glad to know the true cause.

P. Well then you may leave being scandalized if you please. For the Popes will never leave this practice.

M. You having then seen them both put on and take off their Spectacles, leave me not thus confused, but tell me if you please how was it done?

P. To understand well the affairs of the *Vatican*, you must take pains to trace them, but I am sure you will not be at that trouble, because you Expect it should be thrust into your throat with a little Spoon, and I who am very much inclined to lay open the *Vatican* defects, am Willing to undertake all the pains, and the rather because I am obliged to it by the friendship which I have professed to thee. Know then that when their most Illustrious Excellencies the Brothers of our Lord, or their Reverend Eminencies the Nephews of his Holiness, have a mind to favour some Petty Clergy man, fresh come forth from the lap of his Mother, who had never seen but the outside of the Court; what do they do but put a pair of Spectacles on the Popes Nose made with that admirable art, which shall make my Petty Clerk look like a Mighty great Doctor? So that the poor Pope de-

ceived

ceived by that false perspective, believing him that might Doctor indeed, the Petty Clerk comes out declared not a Bishop, or a *Nuntio*, but a most Eminent Cardinal; whilst the Prelates of the Court, most worthy of such honours, break their horns by dashing their heads together, to find out how this comes about; neither do they leave beating their brains, till they come to discover the virtue of these Spectacles. Now, because naturally the Popes Nephews include the Brothers also, inclined by a certain natural instinct, to vilifie the merits of the most deserving persons; What canst thou guess they do to put them by the Honours due to them? As soon as they see those Prelates come near the presence of the Pope, with a whole bundle of services performed to the Church, and an infinity of Merits to obtain the deserved rewards of their fatigues, but put the other Spectacles on the Popes Nose, which have the virtue of diminishing things to such an extremity, that a Tower would scarce be seen thro' them at the distance of four steps; so that that Mountain of Merit which the good Prelate brings along with him, appears to the Popes eyes but as a little bush, so that he is sent away without any manner of Reward; and the worst of all is, that my Lords the Nephews laugh not so much to see the Prelate so ill used, as to see their Uncle well deceived.

M. The guilt then is not in the Popes which are deceived, but in the Nephews which deceive them.

P. The fault rather is wholly the Popes, who suffer themselves so to be deceived, and that upon two accounts; first for admitting their Nephews into the *Vatican*, and giving them the supream command of all things; the second is, for letting such kind of Spectacles be put upon their Noses, and be willing rather to see with those false eyes of their Nephews, than with their own true and natural ones. In the Infancy of the Church the Popes saw with their own eyes, and not with their Nephews Spectacles; the merits of persons were measured according to their own nature, *i. e.* as the Prelates made proficiency therein, by means of the services which they performed to the Church, and the Popes advanced them in honours suitable to the proportion of their services, which so edified the people, that they adored those holy Popes, which proceeded with so much sanctity.

M. The Church hath now great need to see either the Popes of those times return, or those times themselves.

P. Yes indeed, for if it holds on in this manner, woe be to all Christendom! for every thing begins to degenerate to such a degree, that all begin to be weary of serving the Church of God; and if we will but consider seriously the nature of the Roman Court but an Age backwards, we shall find such great Extravagancies, that if a Book were made of the Metamorphoses of *Rome*, I am very certain it would bear the Bell away from those of *Ovid*; but this is not to be wisht, lest it

should be the occasion of more sorrow, to the Weeping Universe.

M. I would fain know whether the Popes Nephews make use of the same kind of Spectacles which the Popes use.

P. Yes, they make use of both sorts, but being made by their Supreme Authority, they always order those which are made for their own use, to be tempered much finer and subtiler, than the Spectacles of the Lords their Uncles.

M. I should be glad to know at what time, to what purpose, and to what persons they make use of those Spectacles.

P. Well, I will tell thee then what things are done at *Rome*, which thou shouldst know as well as my self; but this is the common misery of the Romans, who live at *Rome* and know not what is done in the *Vatican*, where they treat of nothing but the destruction of the Romans. The Nephews then make use of these Spectacles at all times, unless it be at certain days of Solemnities, when blindness prevails, a giddy madness flying up into their heads, they do act all things hoodwink, but at all other times, except those days, they put on, and pull off those Spectacles in this manner. When they would reward some Servant of their family, who has served them a great many years, they put on the Spectacles which lessen and contract the sight; in considering of their Services, and to take a view of what they should give them, they put on the other Spectacles, that magnifie every thing; so delighting themselves, by esteeming themselves generous, they fancy they bestow much more than they have deserved: but always when they are to receive any thing themselves, they take the Spectacles which make every thing look very little; by which means they can never be satisfied; for when a *Genoese* Prelate, for they bid highest, comes and gives them fifty thousand Crowns, the Nephews instantly put on the foresaid Spectacles, which contract every thing that the fifty thousand Crowns hardly appear one thousand; by which means they remain with so unsatiable an appetite, that they are always craving more.

M. Now I guess I understand their thoughts, or to speak trulier, the reasons why my Lords their Nephews slight the Injuries which are discourst against them, being call'd Thieves; nay, the worst of Thieves, because they look upon all things which they steal with their lessening Spectacles, which makes great things shew as little or nothing, & cannot imagine there should be any cause of complaint, being matters of so little moment.

P. God be praised, *Marforius*, that thou hast once guess right, which I am mightily pleased with; for, 'tis true, that if the Popes Nephews should look upon all they steal in its own magnitude, they would not steal so much, because the Art of Thievery needs some concealment, that it might be exercised with such a closeness, that it could not be known to observers: but they rob with so great greediness, that Children

dren may discern it, with those hellish Glasses which make Crowns appear but Farthings hence they insult over the People after they have flead them, as if the People who were robb'd rather deserved to be punished, than the Nephews who play the Thieves at the very foot of the Altar.

M. Yet we need to pittie those poor Nephews, tho they be Thieves, because the fault is rather in the Spectacles than themselves; and methinks the disease might be cured, by that sentence of Philosophy, *Remove the cause and you remove the effect.*

P. They are worthy both of Compassion, and Punishment; of Compassion, because they are induced to it by the Violent power the Devil hath over them; of Punishment, because they allow themselves to be tempted to do such actions, which make them Scandalous to the eyes of the whole World. When a Servant will Rob his Padron he never steals all his money at once, lest his theft should be immediately discovered, but ingeniously takes now and then a Pistol, and so would the Nephews of Popes do, if they had but so much wit, as to rob with that Moderation, that might keep them from being accounted publick Thieves: But I believe they do not imagine, that they are great Thieves, or else think the world is blind, for otherwise they would not have exposed their reputation so grossly. The best remedy would be to take from them those accursed Spectacles, which make Pistols seem like Farthings, and so diminish excessive thefts, Reducing them to such minute Atomes, that the very Confessors absolve them as if the theft were not of value enough to amount to a sin. But this is a thing not possible, whilst these Spectacles are incorporated to them, by the blessing granted unto them by his Holiness.

M. Let us then talk of something else; how did these Popes spend the hours of the day that you saw.

P. I am ashamed to tell thee, and yet I will, that thou mayst have thy part of the shame also. Some of them applauded themselves for what they had done, and others imploy'd their time in doing something worthy of Memory; now those memorable things were either appointing the Cross to be adored in the Church, and that it should be set upon a Pedestal representing Mount *Calvary*; in Commanding prayers for the deceased, in distinguishing the Canonical hours; in forbidding Marriage to the Ecclesiasticks: in making Hymns and Canticles for the Church: in reforming the Breviary, in adding and diminishing the *Antiphona's*, in blessing some Medals; in forbidding the eating of flesh in *Lent*; in diversifying the habits of Priests, and Friars; in appointing Lamps to be continually burning in Churches; in consecrating the Stones of Altars; in making the bodies of Saints to be transported from one Church to another; in decreeing that those of Religious Orders should abide in their Cloisters; in Commanding Pillars to be set at the Gates

of Temples; in altering the Colours of the Sacerdotal Vests to Celebrate Mass; in repairing old Church-yards : In Canonizing some dead Saint : in placing Images and Candlesticks upon Altars : in confirming privileges on the Mendicants, in allowing Hermitages to be built in deserts that devout Travellers may be there more easily robbed ; in forbidding Marriages between those who have been Gossips ; in multiplying the number of Bishops : in making the Relicks of Saints to be adored and kissed: in forbidding Religious orders wearing habits of silk : giving order that *Hallelujah* should be sung in Churches : in conjuring out Devils; in commanding Processions through publick streets: in appointing dying people to be anointed with holy Oyl; in forbidding those of Religious Orders to own any Subjection to Princes ; in putting a Cross on the Popes Shooe : in decreeing Incense to Images ; in granting Indulgences some for years, and others for ever, together with an hundred such kind of juggles, to which they bent all their studies.

M. I doubt not but thy pleasure was great in seeing and considering them so prettily employ'd.

P. I was in a strange tofs, not knowing what to make of it, not so much for seeing the Popes busied with such trifles, as for seeing them disingaged from heaping up riches, and I really said within my self ; how strange a thing is this ! the Popes in *Rome* now think of nothing else but building Palaces for their Nephews, and pulling down those which others have built with so much Sweat, to advance their own memories in imposing Taxes and Customs on the miserable people ; in selling of Offices and Benefices to those who offer most money for them ; in threatening Princes with War upon every petty account; in looking out for great Marriages to advance their own families, in charging Bishopricks with heavy Pensions; In giving liberty to their Relations to accumulate immense treasures; in robbing the Altars of Christ for to hang the Walls of their Nephews palaces. And after I had made some reflections on these particulars, I freely told my sentiments to the good man who accompanied me, who quickly answered me thus ; Friend, the Popes never change their nature, always preserving the very same inclinations they had at first; though nature is altered in them, yet whatever small difference thou seest between this Vatican and that at *Rome*, it does not come from the nature of the place, but the alteration of time ; for none of the Modern Popes enter into this place, for those which thou seest here were Popes of the Primitive Age, which were not used to theft, perhaps because the Church in those times had not treasures that could be stolen and therefore they employed the hours of the day in such affairs as thou sawest them busy in. But since the Popes have had much Wealth, and Estates to distribute, they have other thoughts, and apply themselves to those Exercises that thou speakest of, which are at present the business in *Rome*. So that 'tis sufficient to satisfy thee at present

to know, that all the Popes which thou seest in this place are those who have lived holily, or at least moderately, and sworn Enemies to their kindred : But as soon as ever the news was brought to this place, that the Popes had changed their nature, and put on humane affections, and minded nothing else but enriching their Nephews, to the prejudice of all Christendom, Heaven thought it Expedient to shut its Gates against them, so that 'tis above two hundred years since any of them have come into this place. I was astonish'd at this information, yet was curious enough to go round a second time, the better to observe every thing there; and truly amongst all the Popes faces which I saw there, I saw but three which I knew, which gave me the greater amazement, because I had well known at *Rome* all the Popes for two hundred years last past, from which time the Gates of that place had been barr'd.

M. And who were those Popes you knew ?

P. *Adrian* the sixth, *Pius* the fifth, and *Sixtus*, the fifth. And having a more particular curiosity to look on them distinctly, I declared my Sentiments to my good Guide ; thinking it very strange, how they had got in after the doors had been shut, but he who was better inform'd than my self, told me that these had got in after the shutting up of the Gates by singular favour, two of them for being enemies to their kindred, and the third which was *Sixtus* for having left the Church so extremely rich. O then, cried I, Heaven looks more narrowly into the Actions of the Popes than the men of the world do, for they dare not speak the least word against their Holinesses, though they see them rob all the wealth of the Church openly.

M. Heaven fears not imprisonment, as Men in the World do.

P. Seeing I saw not one of the last Popes in this place, particularly not *Alexander* the seventh, I grew furiously angry, for having wholly lost all my pains, which aimed above all things to be informed, not of the State of those Popes who had died with the repute of holiness but those who had expired with the Name of very Devils ; and my fury rag'd more violently, because I had ask'd that man if he knew where the Popes of the two last Ages were, & he had reply'd he knew not any thing of them at all, because the Lord God in the hidden secrets of his Justice had disposed of them suitably to the deserts of their works at *Rome*. But I notwithstanding my knowing very well, that they Merited Hell for their Tyrannies, and Extortions towards the poor people to enrich their kindred, yet would not at that instant Judge so rigorously, but I imagin'd they were in Purgatory.

M. There then you might look for them, for when the Purgation of their sins is past they would come thither to the others ?

P. Thy Council does not please me in this Matter, for I would never be such a fool to wait perhaps in vain thousands of years there, and specially whilst I was so uncertain whether they were in Purgatory,

or

or indeed in hell; Nay, if they were really in Purgatory it were madness in me to wait for their coming out, the Popes having not only their own particular guilts on their backs, but also the sins of their Nephews, and of Many others sinners, whom they lead unto sin, therefore Purgatory must be a very hell to them.

M. What didst thou do then having lost thy longing?

P. I threw away all those thoughts which so tormented my head to see the Popes, and began to fix in my mind a desire to see their Nephews though it were requisite to go into Purgatory for it; which that good person observing, he was so scandalized at me, that he went out before me, and when we were in the middle of the last Gate of the aforesaid Vatican, he disappeared I do not know how, and I remained in an unknown place and where no body knew me.

M. Poor *Pasquin*, I begin to pity thee, but what resolution didst thou take?

P. I was besides my self, and continued in suspense, for the space of a good half hour, when wandering about in a strange perplexity, just like one of those who know not whether they are of God, or of the Devil; in Heaven, or Earth; in Hell, or Paradise; when not knowing which Leg to set forward, I perceived there was but one way, so I determined to go on, and see the end of it. I bid farewell to the Vatican, and mended my pace for the quicker dispatch; and had scarce gone on two hours, when I found my self in a great Court, built about with lofty Walls, painted with sundry stories, of Martyrs, of Confessors, of Nuns, of Virgins, and of Hermits; at the very entrance into this Court, I met with a person of good Meen, with an ill favoured rough face, and a beard like a Capuchin, in the habit of a *Switzerland* Carrier, I look't a little while on him, and he did the same, looking wistly upon me; and I perceiving he carried a great bundle of letters, I could not refrain inquiring of him, whither he was travelling, and from whom he was sent? who courteously answered me in few words, that he was going with some letters to the Romans, which Christ the Redeemer sent unto them.

M. Without doubt this Messenger mock't thee, for heaven does not use to send such Hatchet-fac'd Ambassadors, as thou describest this man to be.

P. He had not so much reason to mock me as I have to laugh at thee, who wonderest at a thing so correspondent to truth; dost thou believe that Heaven knows not that the World at present is much more corrupt than it was ten ages past? Experience is the best Tutor. The Sodomites were so extream perverse that they would have defiled the Angels who were sent from heaven to *Lot*, because they were fair, therefore heaven will not send beautiful messengers to the Romans, whom they account worse than those Sodomites, (not only the common people,
but

but the very Ecclesiasticks which rule there) lest they should Incur a worse hazard than those Angels did in that place.

M. But if this was so, how should it enter into thy fancy, that Christ should write letters to the *Romans* ?

P. True it is, that Christ having written sufficiently by the hands of his Apostles, and Evangelists, which are indeed the true Interpreters of the divine will, Christians have not any need of other letters to guide their Souls : but of the other side if the rigorous orders wherewith the Inquisition forbids the reading of the sacred Scriptures, be considered.

M. Softly; I must needs interrupt thee, for the Inquisition would have the Sacred Scriptures read, but it must be in the Latin Tongue, forbidding the Translation of it into the Vulgar.

P. Thou wouldst make a very fly laugh, with this thy Latin Tongue, what difference dost thou find between reading, and making a thing be read that one does not understand ; or the allowing it to be read : This manner of proceeding is an invention of the Clergy of *Rome*, of those of them who would rule the consciences of the people, at their pleasure, and according to the dictates of their own Interests, which could not be done without hiding from the eyes of the People the sacred Scripture ; which demonstrates all Errors, and needs no helps to lead and guide the faithful into the paths of Salvation : but because the total banishment of it would be a turning of Christianity topsy-turvy, what have the good Clergy-men done ? They have found out this good Policy for themselves, and Diabolical to others, to divide it into a hundred fragments and pieces, causing part to be read in Quires by the Priests, and part on the Altars by others of them, causing it be translated into the Latin Tongue, & forbidding it under most rigorous punishments to be read in the Vulgar tongue ; which is the same thing as to banish it out of Christendom, for amongst three thousand Christians you will scarce find two who understand the Latin tongue, and perhaps those two are either such as least trouble themselves about heaven, or such as know not how to unite those broken, and uncontinued fragments ?

M. Thou thinkest then that the prohibition of the Sacred Scripture in the Vulgar tongue proceeded from the Policy of the Churchmen ? But what would it import them, if it were read in the Vulgar tongue ?

P. Dost thou ask what it imports them, *Marforius* ? it would import their total Destruction, and Ruin, or at least the Ruin and Destruction of the vast riches they have usurped with so many subtle Arts.

M. I do not very well understand thee ; prethee explain it a little better.

P. If the people read the Sacred Scripture in their Mother Tongue, as it was compiled by the divine Writers ; that is to say, all the Epistles
of

of St. *Paul* one after another, likewise those of St. *Peter*, and St. *James*, the Acts of the Apostles, the Gospel of the Evangelists; in fine, all that is contained in the Old and New Testament, the People would find so great a Consolation in the reading thereof, that they would rely on nothing else, besides they would see with their own eyes in what their salvation ought to consist, and so would turn away from that false belief, which they have placed on their Ecclesiasticks, who seeing very well that the People do not know what is their duty towards heaven, because they do not read the divine Decrees, living like beasts, being led by their Noses, as they drag Asses into Forests, to load them with Wood; these Ecclesiasticks draw consequences levelled to their own Interests, Establishing Laws against the Laws of Christ; and Decrees against the Decrees of God; so that the people who know not the Laws of Christ, nor the Decrees of God, think themselves saved by the Decrees and Laws of the Ecclesiasticks. Ask me not, *Marforius*, what it would import the People to read the holy Scriptures in the Vulgar tongue: for if they once tasted it, their desires would be more & more inflamed, & they would do nothing else but read it, whilst this opened their eyes to see the infinite abuses introduced into the Church by the Ecclesiasticks, and the difference they would find between the Laws of God, and the Laws of Men; in fine, they would clearly see their Errors, and know how they are deceived by the Church-men, who study with all Industry to keep the people under, by leaving them in Ignorance, for as long as they are kept without the knowledge of the holy Scriptures, the Priests will turn them and winde them at their pleasure, pursuing every way their own Interests.

M. I could wish all these words of thine were scattered all over Christendom.

P. And I would have all Christendom furnish themselves with Bibles, and particularly New Testaments in the Vulgar Tongue, by which they would see in what state of perdition they are, and how they are abused.

M. I would have thee understand, that my eyes begin already to be much opened, and I now remember, that some months ago there came ten Bibles in the Vulgar tongue, five of which were for the use of five Cardinals. But let us return to our discourse, and tell me what could incline thee to believe, that Christ had not writ Letters to the *Romans*.

P. Thou knowest, *Marforius*, I am none of those wry Necks which Reign amongst Christians, especially among Fryars. There is nothing I hate worse than hypocrisy, therefore it appears very difficult to me to believe, that Christ after having left so many holy rules, and so many divine instructions in the sacred Writ would send new injunctions, as if Heaven was obliged to accommodate it self to the gust of men, and not men to the Decrees of Heaven; but then I said within my self; What mighty

mighty miracle would this be? The *Messineses* do believe they have received a letter which was Written by the Virgin unto them; and shall I that was born in *Rome* refuse to believe that Christ writ letters to the *Romans*? Perhaps the *Messineses* are more worthy than the *Romans*? Perhaps there was Ink and Paper, found for the Virgin to write with to the *Messineses*, and none found for Christ to write to the *Romans* with? Truly the *Romans* have far greater need of the protection of Christ than the *Messineses* have of the Protection of the Virgin yet the *Messineses* say that the Virgin offered them her protection in that letter; now behold what made me think it possible, that Christ should send an exprefs from heaven to the *Romans*.

M. And I quite contrary should have believed that Christ had renewed his Memory in *Rome*, with that particular Letter, that it might not be absolutely effaced, because the *Romans* think so much of the Pope now, that they remember nothing at all of Christ. But tell me, could not the messenger inform thee of some particularities?

P. Messengers, dear brother, are such who carry without knowing what they bear, or having any thing to do besides undergoing the Weight. Yet I could not forbear asking him some questions, but he excused himself, saying he had no time to discourse with me; besides, he could not tell any great matter unless it were what he imagined, and what an Angel had told him, which was that Christ exhorted the *Romans* in these letters not to suffer themselves to be abused with so many false Introductions of Papal Statutes & that they should continually read the Sacred Scripture in the Vulgar tongue, for in that they would see the great abuses which were found in the Church his Spouse. The poor messenger could tell me nothing else, so he followed on his way, and I entered into the Court, turning about this way and that way to view the Pictures, which indeed deserved looking on, for the curiosity of the designs.

M. But what were those curious designs, you so magnify?

P. Of some Fathers who force their daughters to become Nuns; of certain Priests who select penitents, of Missionaries who manage the conversion of the Hereticks. of Prelates who Negotiate for Benefices, of Popes who dispense Indulgences: of Merchants who buy Mules for the Cardinals, and a hundred thousand of such kind of things; but that which delighted me most, was, to see the postures those persons were drawn in: and as I was walking round about, a Priest stood just before me, at least he appeared to be one to my eyes, who shewed me a great Gate, which was in the middle of one of the four Walls, which I had seen well enough before, but had no intention to go in at it, Judging it better to go in at another lesser door, which was in the other Wall over against the great one: when the Priest coming near me, without asking me either how, or when, or whence I came, or whither I went, perswaded me to go into that great Gate which stood open, telling me

it was my right way, and talking thus he led me on to the threshold of that Gate ; but I knowing very well of what metal the Priests and Friars are made, ever teaching things contrary to what the Apostles had taught, thought to have entered, in by the little Gate, (which the good Priest had turned his back to) not being able to imagine that the other Gate could Conduct me into any place of a good issue, because a Priest directed it, who ceased not to reiterate his intreaties, to have me go in at the great one; upon which making a little reflexion I reasoned thus with my self, What can this be ? What can ever befall me worse than to go into Hell ? And if it be so I should not be the first man which has been sent into Hell by the Priests: why do I then delay and linger so long before I go in ? What is my life more precious than the life of so many Emperors, and Princes, and Kings that have suffered themselves to be led into Hell by the Counsel of so many Priests, and Friars ? But what do I say ? What am I afraid of ? This person can by no reason be accounted a Priest, for the Priests will scarce open their mouths to speak two Syllables unless they be paid for it before hand, with ready money ; therefore this man that does not ask me a farthing cannot be a Priest, no not so much as a Frier.

M. The Argument was not bad; but what did you resolve at last ?

P. I resolved to obey the Priest; and go in at the greater Gate, which I did; but see the ill luck on't, I was no sooner gone in, but the Gate shut it self, and the Priest remained without, and my self within. Then to tell thee the truth, I thought my self dispatch't, believing I had been Trepan'd; and the rather because I observed that the inside of this place, was very different from the outside, there being Light and Ornament, and here Obscurity and Confusion.

M. God knows how thy heart beat, seeing thy self in such a place, and without knowing of any body.

P. Truly I trembled all over, and would have been glad to have been near the Gate of the people in *Rome*. Yet seeing it was impossible to get out of doors that were shut, I began to knock, and cry out aloud to the Priest to come open them for me: but all in vain, for the Priest who staid of the other side, let me chatter and scold, laughing as if his sides would burst. If I had had any money I would have proffered him some, because these fine Gentlemen the Priests, are used to fetch Souls out of Purgatory, by the Vertue of money ; and I in that darkness, shut up with so many great Chains, resembled a Soul in Purgatory, and imagined my self to be one indeed: Yet I left off crying any more, *Miserere-mi mei*, being sure I should not have any relief, because I had got no money to purchase it.

M. My thinks 'tis a great shame to Christianity to have it said that the Religious will not fetch any Soul out of Purgatory without money.

P. 'Tis so ; and what is worse, every thing is masqued under the Cloak

Cloak of devotion, and the Interested Avidity of the religious Orders are come to such a height, that they are no more look't upon as abuses, having so bewitched the minds of the people that they believe those things to be Alms and Charities which are absolute Thefts, and Ambition of ruling. But I will stop no longer at this story of the door, but proceed to tell thee, that despairing of any hope of getting back I resolved to pursue my Voyage further, though to speak the truth, the further I went in, the more I repented the undertaking such a Journey; being sure I should arrive very suddenly at Hell; because as I went on I perceived many signs of it, as sparks of fire, stinking of pitch and great heat in the ground to my feet, and huge showers of Cinders and Ashes, so that it was impossible for me to Imagine that that way could lead to any other place but either the Hell of the damned, or *Vesuvius of Naples*. That which most afflicted me was, that from time to time I seemed to hear languishing voices, howling of Wolves, Yelling of Goats, Neighing of Horses and other such kind of noises. Which voices, though it was impossible for me to see any person, seemed as if they had been just before me. And now being very weary of walking, my Spirits began by little and little by my great sufferings to fail, when coming to the end of that path, where I espied the mouth of a great Dragon, so monstrously big that the Popes Coach with all his Nephews in it might very easily have driven in; which I coming as near to as it was possible, I saw two passages, one of which I imagined led to Hell, and the other to Purgatory; and whilst ghastly I was looking not without fear into that most horrid mouth, a certain person flash't before my eyes like him that had tempted Christ in the desert, which in plain words speaks him to be a devil, nevertheless I durst not give him that name, because I was not certain of it, neither had I indeed seen from whence he issued. When he notwithstanding came very courteously towards me, and asked me what I sought for, but in such an intelligent way that shewed me he was well informed of all my adventures since my departure from *Rome*, asking me only whither I desired to go; and because he saw I was out of breath he cheered me up, with such kind of Consolations, as the Capuchins bestow upon those whom they accompany to their Execution; whilst having a little recovered my Spirits, I answered him in few words, that my intention was to go into Purgatory to Visit my Lords the Nephews of the Popes, if I might be permitted, believing in that place I should certainly find a great number of them; I would have added further that I should willingly go on, and if I did not find them there, it would be a great delight to me, to pass in as far as hell to see them: but I forbore, thinking it better to say no more, being confident I might at any time find out the Gates of that place. When this reverend Devil understood my intention of going into Purgatory to Visit the Popes Nephews, he began to laugh at such

a rate as I had never seen any body laugh in the World, holding his hands on his sides as if he had feared bursting.

M. It would please me also to see the Devil once laugh : but what did he laugh at so heartily ?

P. At my simplicity in imagining that the Popes Nephews were in Purgatory ; so that being weary of his laughing which held him a good half hour, he with a smiling face spoke thus unto me ; I know very well that thou art a Pilgrim from *Rome* where the people are abused by the Crafty malice of the Ecclesiasticks who make them believe that there is a place of Penance for those persons who are impenitent, and that the very Guilt is purged in Purgatory, without so much as giving an account of the wickedness committed to any except a Priest. But I would have thee know, O *Roman*, that none enters into Purgatory, that robs the Church to bestow it on the World, but those who rob the World to give it to the Church. None of the Nephews of the Popes enter into Purgatory, though there be some to be found amongst them who Justly deserve it, because heaven is forced to send them all into Hell out of policy. I was now more astonished than ever, not being able to comprehend how it was possible to send the Popes Nephews into hell out of Policy ; but this reverend Devil, having perceived my amazement, relieved me from my Anxiety by unriddling the *Enigma* presently in these words, Thou oughtest to know, being born a *Roman*, that all which the Popes Nephews possess are the very bowels & substance of the Souls in Purgatory, stealing out of the treasury of the Church that Wealth & Riches which is given by the People only to ease and alleviate with their alms those poor Souls who are in Purgatory ; now if the Souls in that place should see the Nephews of the Popes enter into it, they would fall upon them and Revile and Tear them with these words ; Ah Barbarians and wicked Enemies of our rest, Ah Cruel and Tyrannical destroyers of our treasures, you make our pains perpetual, which would have ended some ages ago. You cause us to burn still in these flames, you deprive us of the Divine Vision, you Enemies of Purgatory, that devour the substance, which our friends have given unto the Church, for the mitigation and relief of our pains. You build Pallaces with the Price of our blood. You hang your Walls with that Gold which was set apart, to have delivered us of these flames, you buy Coaches, and Horses with that money which should have help't to have carried us up to heaven ? You walk up down in Gardens with fresh fountains and fine Water-works, whilst we are hear broiling in these fires. Now since these reproaches would be certainly given to the Nephews of the Popes if they should enter into Purgatory, not to add Misery to Misery on those unhappy Souls which are in that place, the Popes Nephews are sent to hell, that the sight of them which are so justly Odious to those inhabitants of Purgatory might not so provoke them, though they deserved indeed to have come first into that place.

place. This discourse most tenderly wounded my heart; nevertheless I could not forbear looking Earnestly on the Eyes of this Oratour, not being able to think he was a Devil. So much truth was there, in what he said, who whilst I was looking thus fixedly on him, went on, saying, I might have gratified my curiosity in seeing the Nephews of the Popes, by descending into Hell by that other mouth; but 'tis worth observing, that he had so much inflamed my desires of seeing them, that I thought he must needs be either a *Roman* Inchanter or Sorcerer, or at least a *German* Witch; and when he perceived that I was resolved to obey his exhortations, he summoned an hobgoblin as black, and as ugly as the Devil, and whispered in his Ears, so that I do not very well know what he said, whereupon he entred again into Hell, and a Minute after that came out again, and brought along with him a Vessel very like those which the Priests keep their holy Oyl in, which they use at the Extream Unctions; and without making any great Compliments to me, he made me lye down flat upon the ground and anointed my body all over with the Liquor which was in that Vessel. I instantly fancied that this was the Oyl of Extream Unction in Hell, in Intimation to me, that I should never return from thence; but the Devil bid me take Courage, for that Ointment had a certain Virtue, not only to Quench, but also to cause the very Ardour of the flames not to be felt.

M. If this remedy was in *Rome* a great many Priests would run to Martyrdom, because they love to see sufferings, but not to feel them; but what followed after this Ceremony of the unction was over?

P. The Chaplain of the function having received his Orders from the other, gave me his Parole, and courteously assured me that he would faithfully accompany me: So rising up on my feet I thanked him, as I did the former, who disappeared I know not how, so that I remained with this last Devil: Who expected that I should go first into hell, and I on the other hand thought he should carry me on his back; & having told him my intention, he answered me to it, that the Devil did not use to carry any body into hell, because it was forbidden by a very rigorous Edict of the divine Majesty, who had Establish't a decree in his Sacred Throne, that those who had a mind to go into Hell should go Voluntarily, without being carried thither by any one; whence the Devils had this advantage, that they had not the trouble of carrying any Souls into Hell, for they came of themselves thither. I answered him I understood not how this was, and therefore beg'd his Pardon, adding that I the rather believed the reverend Devils had carried men into Hell, because that in the World, and more particularly in *Europe*, at every word when any dispute arises between men, they instantly say, *The Devil take thee*, so that I imagined it had been the Devils Office to have carried men into Hell, because men did so give one another unto the Devil. To which he replied, that those Cursings did make the Devil the more enraged. See-
ing

ing men offer one another so frequently unto him without his being able to lay hold on so fair an Opportunity, by reason God would have those men who so often wish to go into Hell, should go of themselves, that they might not have that excuse to alledge that they were forced to go thither.

M. 'Tis a pretty Complement to go into Hell; thou then wert content to go first without any Ceremony?

P. Why what would you have me do? I should have been better pleased to have been carried, but seeing the Devil either would not, or could not undertake the charge, I resolved to pass on first; true it is, that being entered into the Mouth, in which were two holes, and offering to go down by that which was on the right hand, the Demon cryed out with a loud voice, that I mistook the way, for I was to go on the left hand, which I immediately obey'd, and cast my self on that side, which slid me finely down in such a dainty manner, that I had no sooner set my feet in it, but I was at the bottom in the Twinkling of an Eye, descending just like those who Glide upon Ice. The Devil helping me a little also, pushing me on behind, to hasten our Journey the better, that we might end it in good time.

M. I think the Devils do so in the world also; never driving any into Hell, unless they first press themselves forwards.

P. Most certainly; now both of us Precipitating our selves sliding on still, we came to the Shore of a large lake, which was extremely Agitated and toss'd, the Waves rising up above two hundred yards, and then precipitated down again with a hideous roaring which I wondered much at, seeing so great a tempest, and not being able to hear the smallest breath of any Wind. But the Devil who was with me told me that Water boil'd, by the great Violence of fire, which is underneath it, to whom I said then, that the flames of Hell must needs be very ardent, seeing they force the Waters to rise with so much Violence, which seemed to part into five parts, and yet held great correspondence, though the Nature, or Perhaps the Virtue, of one part of the Water, did not agree with the Nature, and Vertue of the other; the Devil proceeding on to inform me better, as followeth, the Water which thou seest, every one that goes to hell is necessitated to ferry over, and 'tis Expedient for them to steer so exactly that they may be sure to go through each of those divisions which thou observeest: And if thou wilt know the cause of this Lakes being divided into five parts, I will tell thee briefly; that the first hath the Vertue to cause every thing to be forgotten, and thence is called the Water of *Lethe*; the second is nominated the Water of *Phlegeton* which signifies the Ardor of Torment; the Third the Water of *Acheron* which imports deprivation of all joy; the Fourth the Water of *Cocytus* which denotes Weeping; and the Fifth is the *Strygian* Lake, which is as much as to say Eternal Hatred and Misery.

M. But how is this Water past? do they swim or are there boats ready to waft them?

P. There

P. There is one boat, which is commonly called *Charon's Ferry* which is loaded with passengers twice a day, but it is worth noting that the Barque goes thither, but never comes back, for the said Waters are easy to be navigated in the return upwards; therefore there are a multitude of Shipwrights ever building new ones, a Bark serving only for one Voyage, being always broken in a hundred pieces at the other Shoar. I embarked then in this boat, together with the Demon, for want of a better companion, but *Charon* would not take any other passenger in at this time, bestowing a thousand civilities upon me, and the Mariners behaved themselves with more than ordinary Courtesy, striving with one another who should be most serviceable to me; at the entering into this boat, there came an Intolerable stink to me of Pitch, of Bitumen, Sulphur and such kind of things, but above all of *Astra fœtida*, to such a degree that I thought the Violence of the stench would have poisoned me, and thought what fools are they who would go to hell; when we were arrived at the haven an Infinite number of Demons came and met us, every one of them having Five or Six Horns on their Heads, and every one of them offered me his service, without any thing for their pains, which was the more Remarkable, so that I wondered very much that none should demand of me payment for my passage or freight, neither did any of them so much as ask a little drinking mony. So I blest God that had once let me see a Country that was disinterested and free-hearted; the Devil who conducted me knowing my admiration, interrogated me whether frankness was not in fashion all over *Rome*; to which Query I answered thus: Since *Muum* and *Tuum* have been Introduced into the World, Taxes and Customs have been brought to such an Extravagance, that the People are forced to buy at dear Rates every thing which Nature had given freely to mankind: But this sort of Tyranny which is so universal in the World, seems to be most peculiar to *Rome*, where the Popes have introduced so many impositions and so many Customs, that the very deceased are not exempted, whilst those bodies are often kept unburied which have not left enough to pay the Priest his burying fees; in fine, those who travel in the World, had need be always with a purse in their hands; for strangers, besides their paying for the very roads they tread, & suffering a hundred Insolences from the watchmen who keep the Gates for the Officers of the Customs, are also constrained under the Notion of *Alms*, to pay for the kissing the Reliques of the Saints, for the very confessing of their own sins.

M. God forgive the inventers of these things, but what need had the Devil of this Information, if, as the Divines say, the Demons do already know all that is, or has been done in the World.

P. Thou art deceived, *Marforius*, for the Devils know nothing else besides those things which they are able to penetrate by the subtilty of their

their nature but the *Roman* Ecclesiasticks commit certain kinds of rogeries that the Demons have never been able to Penetrate into with all their Speculations; therefore 'tis requisite to know that where the greater Spirits prevail, the lesser Spirits give place immediately; besides, the Nephews of the Popes have invented in *Rome* more Tyrannical ways to draw money from the People, than the Devils to draw Souls into Hell; therefore the Demons may be called ignorants in *Rome*, because the Ecclesiasticks, and the Popes Nephews out-wit them; in fine, the Devil who was with me took great pleasure in my information, and gave me many thanks, tho in few words, by reason of the mighty complements which the other Devils made me, who all conducted me Triumphant to the true Gates of Hell, which opened without any difficulty, and before I could set my feet over the Threshold of the Gate, *Lucifer*, who had notice of all, sent me abundance of Pages, and Footmen to wait on me; but I thanked him, and beseech't him to reserve these favours for the most Eminent Cardinals, and Prelates who are used to be served by certain Pages and Lacquies, who are no whit inferiour in Craft and Wickedness to the courtiers of *Lucifer* himself.

M. Thou sayest true, and for my part I believe that this race of Rascals, are put to School in *Rome*, at the cost of the Lords the Cardinals, and Prelates, to fit them to serve with the greater assurance the Devil himself.

P. I believe the same, and therefore, rid my self of them, being better content to go *Incognito* without any attendance, than to be waited on by such beasts, although it would indeed not have cost me a farthing, whereas in *Rome* one is forced to pay not only for being ill served, but for being betray'd also; yet notwithstanding my refusing the attendance of those Servants *Lucifer* had sent unto me, I was not waited on with a jot less Majesty, and Grandeur, for an infinite Company of Devils setting themselves in Ranks on both sides, one behind another, saluted me as I passed through with so high Civility that I thought I was another Pope going to *Monte Cavallo*. I had scarce made ten steps within Hell, when a Person came towards me so full of Lace and Ribbons, and with low Congies pulled off, and put on his hat again, and then instantly began to untye my breeches, which I had tyed with double knots fearing they might have fallen down in my Journey; but he set himself so earnestly to it both with his hands and his teeth, that I had some sport, to see him torment himself; that gave me some pleasure, but on the other side I found I cannot tell what alteration in my self, concluding positively that this man was some *Sieneſe* or *Florentine* who was used to Untruss the Boys Breeches in *Rome*; and therefore I defended my self as much as it was possible, objecting unto him my Age; but these reasons not causing him to desist from the Office he had begun, hearing himself more and more with the resolution of prevailing, he put me into

a mighty rage, which the Demon who was my assistant perceiving, he endeavoured to pacify me, by assuring me that that Person was neither a *Sieneſe*, nor a *Florẽtine* but an honeſt *French-man*. How! a *French-man*, cried I? and how long is it ſince *French-men* are become Sodomites? I have been told, that they love the eaſier pleaſures and are ſeldom willing to ſtruggle hard for what gives little Satisfaction; their impatience makes them Shrink from trouble, and it ſeems more natural to them to Ruſſe a Petty-coat, than to put their Teeth to a Cod-piece point? O answered the Devil again to me, there is great myſtery hidden in this, which would pleaſe thee well to be inform'd of. Thou know'ſt the *French* ſtudy nothing elſe than to ſearch & pry up & down wherever they go, ſo that they run about thruſting their noſes into every thing; now you muſt know, our *Lucifer* who loves to imploy every one as his Inclination leads him, not to leave the *French* idle in Hell, ſince idleneſs is the Domeſtick Enemy of that Nation, he allows them the Liberty to thruſt their noſes into the tail of all ſtrangers when they firſt come into Hell, but from this duty they cannot exempt themſelves though the humour of it ſhould be over, becauſe the Devil knows not how to imploy the *French* otherwiſe.

M. This imployment would not much pleaſe me, though, becauſe they are ſo uſed to it, perhaps it is no great toil to them.

P. Now I being well ſatiſfied with this information let my points be untied by this *Monſieur*, who being pleaſed with that, after he had a little looked in my face fell on his knees to my backſide, and with a good grace began to nozzle his noſe into my breech. But to tell thee the truth, *Marſorinus*, I was never more confounded; not knowing of a ſudden how to wind my ſelf out of ſuch a complement, for the more I ſhrunk up my Buttocks, ſo much the more earneſtly he pushed in his noſe. Whereupon I reſolved to end it, to let Scape a Rouzing Fart, which made above forty Devils that were about us fall a laughing; but the *French-man* was content rather to noſe a little of the ſmell, than leave off rubbing his noſe in my breech, to my no ſmall vexation, not knowing how to get rid of him; but fortune ſent in another ſtranger whom the *French-man* ſet upon to perform the ſame function; and I being delivered from this encumbrance, paſt on with my companion, and the further we went the more ſport we had to ſee the *French-man* go up and down to give the noſe in breech to every new comer.

M. Let's talk no more of ſuch a Subject, but relate if you pleaſe ſome ſeriouſer thing.

P. Thou ſpeak'ſt of Gravity, juſt as I am about to talk of thoſe people who are graver than their *Pyrenean Hills*. You muſt know then that the ſight of this *French-man* ſtirred up a Curioſity in me to ſee the *Spaniards*, not being able to fancy that the occupation, or rather pains of them ſhould be any thing inferior; or leſs curious than the pains and imployment the *French* praſtiſed, and endured. The Demon had no ſooner founded my thoughts, but he made me take the way on the left

hand, over against which stood a very high Gate wide open, broken, and so ruinous, that it perfectly lookt like an old tattered Ensign: At the entrance of this Gate I had like to have broke my shins; all the Stones did so totter, being out of their right places; on both sides lay two vast heap of Chains, Logs, Iron Manacles, Ropes, and other such like Instruments, all black and rusty, by which mark one might easily know that they had not been used of a long time. The extent of this place was so great, that the Eye could not look to the end of it; whence I imagined that this was *Lucifer's* own Mansion; but one of the Devils, who was upon the Guard, took me out of this fancy, by telling me, that this was the *Spaniards* Apartment, which stirred up my curiosity to know what those heaps of Chains, and Ropes, which were thrown so carelessly on the ground, signified; to which Question, the Devil, who was on the Guard there, answered me in this manner; The *Spaniards*, who, whilst the fortune of the house of *Austria* lasted, were formidable in the world, had put the Dominion of Hell into great jealousy, that our Prince, fearing lest, as the *Spaniards* were resolved to domineer over the Universe, sometimes bringing a Kingdom into their subjection, and sometimes a Republick, so they would also, by the same policy and ambition, subdue Hell it self, and reduce all the Infernal Vassals to their obedience, was resolved to prevent them: But it was not so easie for them to tyrannize over Hell, as it had succeeded to them in Lording it over *Europe*. For the Devils, who are ever studying to preserve their own Liberty, soon perceived their unbridled ambition, and brought a quick Remedy, hampering the *Spaniards* in such Chains and Fetters, that they durst not so much as attempt the least violence, although the force neither of Iron, nor Chains, is able to take from them the Pride which they ever maintain outwardly--But the Princes of *Europe* no sooner perceived this torrent of Pride, which flowed from *Spain* to the damage of the Universe, but they all united together to lowre that *Spanish* Pride, which corroded with the Venom of Jealousie, the Quiet of all Principalities: No sooner did they begin to joyn Forces to despoil them of those States, which they had so over-hastily invested themselves in; no sooner did they begin to sow Discords, by popular Revolutions, to deprive them of those Kingdoms, which they had so tyrannically usurped from other Kings; In fine, no sooner were the *Spaniards* seen languishing and dying, from proud, to become humble, and from haughty to become wretched, being pointed at by those very people who obeyed them at the holding up of their finger: But *Lucifer* imitating the Princes of *Europe* (who had not only laid aside their fears, but made them tremble in the Center of their own Country) ordered the Chains should be taken from their necks, and the Fetters from their feet, and they should be let loose, being secured they could never regain with all their Policy, the Power which they had lost.

M. This seems to me rather a discourse of a good Politician, than a wicked Devil; but what, did you not then see the *Spaniards*?

P. Yes, I saw them, why should I not, since I went in for that purpose? After then the Sentinel at the door had informed me of these particulars that I have told thee, we passed on further, and entred into a great Hall, open on all sides, but covered over head, which Roof or Ceiling was supported with many Pillars round about it. I saw the *Spaniards* there stretched upon the ground, kissing the Earth with their mouths, over whom were many *French-men* hung by the Arms, as if they had been upon the Rack: But that which was most curious in the sight, was to see the *French* endeavour earnestly to stretch out their feet to touch the shoulders of the *Spaniards*, not valuing the breaking of their own arms to have the satisfaction of treading upon them, and the *Spaniards* shrinking from them as much as they could, rubbing their bellies on the ground, as Serpents, to avoid the trampling with the feet of their Enemies, so that I could not discern which was the greater pain, that of the *French*, which trod upon them, or that of the *Spaniards*, who were trodden upon. There were mingled up and down several *Italian* and *German* Princes, and some Embassadors from *England*, from *Swedenland*, from *Denmark*, from *Venice*, and from *Holland*, and *Switzerland*, who were almost burst with laughing to see such a Scene; but the best of all was, to see them use all their craft to egg

on sometimes the *Spaniards*, and sometimes the *French*: To the *French* they spoke softly, in this manner; It is a shame, that you who have seen your selves so many years ill used by the *Spaniards*; that you cannot revenge your selves fully for all that they have done against you: What, have not the *French* then wit enough to reduce the *Spaniards* into such a calamitous condition, as the *Spaniards* have formerly reduced the *French*? Sa, sa, take heart, you generous *French-men*, stretch out your legs, prawl out your feet, endure a little more pain of your arms, lose not this opportunity: For if the *Spaniards* should at this time get from under you, they would not fail with their subtle crafts, to seek for ways to get over you again: Then to the *Spaniards*, with a low voice, they discoursed thus; What a shame is this, that you should suffer your selves to be thus trampled upon by the *French*, who were formerly trod upon by the *Spaniards*? What, have you the heart to see the name of the *Spaniards* thus vilified? What, are you able to see that *Spain*, which other whiles hath made all the Nations of the World to tremble, be affrighted with the name of the single *French* Nation? If you would but begin to kick at the *French*, which tread upon you, you would find an hundred hands ready to help you: It concerns you to begin the work, and us to find out means to compleat it; we, who have been favourable to *France*, to bring down *Spain*, would now be favourable to *Spain* to bring down *France*: Lose no time then; for an inveterate distemper corrodes the bowels of them that have it: You must either recover your lost honour, or be content to lose all you have left. The *French* have already brought you to such extremities, as to ask twice for Peace out of Charity; and if you do not do your utmost to defend your selves, you will be forced to beg your lives as an Alms. You will find thoe that will supply you with Men and Moneys, both secretly and openly; and what would you have more?

M. Provided the Effects correspond with the Promises, every thing will go well: But I am afraid of somewhat, whilst the other Princes, who egg on the *Spaniards* and the *French*, very often leave them both afterwards in the Suds.

P. There is no doubt, but that the Policy of other Princes will not only roast, but kindle the fire to roast the *Spaniards* in the Fat of the *French*; but because these two Monarchies are so situated by nature, and the distribution of Politick Interests, that the one cannot be diminished without the augmentation of the other; so that all the Politick Reason of other Princes requires them to keep these two Monarchies in an even balance; wherefore every time they see one of them falling, they run immediately to lend them their hand against the other: And, in truth, it is a curious thing to see how the *English*, *Venetians*, *Hollanders* and *Swisses*, and the other Princes of *Italy* and *Germany* labour to raise up the poor *Spaniards*; one lifts up one leg, another another; some one arm, others another; some hold up his head, some hold him out a Rope: In fine, some with one thing, and some with another; all endeavoured to raise up the oppressed *Spaniards*; but with all this they do nothing; and, to speak truly, how can they, because they fear so much the rising Fortune of *France*, that they dare not declare themselves openly in favour of the *Spaniard*, whereby the help they bring him, serves to little purpose?

M. I know not how Affairs go in Hell, because I was never there, but am sure they are otherwise transacted in *Europe*; Policy and Religion being so jumbled together, that the Interest of Religion is very often obstructed, by the Interests of Policy.

P. He that prescribed that *Recipe*---must be a Fool of a Physician, and I am angry, *Marforius*, that thou shouldst talk so like a wise man of *Gotham*; for how, prethee, can the discouraging of Princes and Religion agree together? since the Religion of Princes, must ever serve, or be used as Antimony is by the sick, and sometimes by the healthy; which when taken in small quantity, exactly weigh'd, and prepared curiously, restores health to the Infirm, and confirms it to the Healthy: But the least Grain, taken too much, without due weight and preparation, poysons the stomach, and kills the body: So Religion, by Princes, must needs be but little used, and very well weighed; for a little too much is sufficient to disturb the quiet of any Principality. Nay, I will say more,

that as Antimony is not commonly given but in desperate cases: So Princes ought not to stick too close to the Interests of Religion, but in those Occurrences, when they cannot possibly do otherwise. *Bezhlem Gabor* understood that prescription exceeding well, and therefore when the *French* Embassador went into *Germany*, to tell him, that tho' indeed it was true, that Policy required the King of *France* to humble the House of *Austria*; and that a more opportune season could never be found to do so, than at that time; yet the Interest of Religion did oblige the King to go off from that League he had made with the said *Gabor*, to the prejudice of the House of *Austria*, for fear of seeing the Catholick Religion destroyed in those parts: To which proposal *Gabor* answered in these few words; *Tu Princeps, & de Religione curas?* Is your Master a Monarch, and is he scrupulous in matters of Religion?

M. This Example doth not much satisfy me; for this *Gabor* was worse than any Turk, and, amongst Christian Princes, there are other kinds of Principles.

P. Hear, *Marforius*, what I have to say to thee upon this particular; it is more displeasing to God, when a Christian does good works, and afterwards repents the doing of them, than if he had not done them at all; he being fitter to be excused, who hath omitted doing good, but he is worthiest of punishment, that repents of his good deeds. Now, amongst Princes, the same Reason is current; for they had much better lay aside some Maxims of Religion, than to embrace them a while, and repent of them afterwards. When the King of *France* besieged *Rochel*, the *Spaniards*, against all Maxims of Policy, solely upon those of Religion, sent their Army to help the Most Christian King, which much weakened their own Force, and made the Party of the Most Christian King their Enemy stronger, which a while after, the *Spaniards* well perceiving, repented extremely what they had done, biting their Nails for rage at it. Thus they got little with God, nothing with the King of *France*, and least of all with the World, losing that blast of Fame which they thought to have gained in *Christendom*, as soon as it was rumoured about, that they repented what they had done. Of these Examples one may find a thousand; and it is certain, that Princes ordinarily repent of all those Maxims of Religion which they make use of sometimes, for I know not what reason. And it would be much better for them never to embrace them, than to repent so suddenly of their so doing; losing the favour of Heaven by their Repentance, and what they might have got by the Interests of Policy. The *French* are not so simple as the *Spaniards*, and they never touch the Affairs of Religion, but with the tips of their fingers.

M. But, methinks yet in the time of *Bezhlem Gabor*, they have hugged Religion in their arms.

P. Alas, how thou art couzened! Those Maxims of Religion served them only in appearance, to cover some particular private Interests, which were a foot then in *France*, designing to oblige the *Infancia* of *Spain* to yield to, I cannot tell you what Marriage; without which consideration, the Maxims of Policy would have infinitely out-cript those of Religion. The *French* are not so scrupulous; they love rather never to embrace the Maxims of Religion, than embrace them, and repent of them, as the *Spaniards* do. Whilst Cardinal *Richlieu* lived, who perfectly understood these Rules, the Pope's *Nuncio*, tho' he often set before him the War against *Geneva*, and always proposed the great Maxims of Religion, the good Cardinal continually answered him thus; *Provided the Maxims of Religion do not ruine the Maxims of State*: And in this manner he dismissed the *Nuncio*, who never went further with him, because he saw him much more steered by the Maxims of State, than by those of Religion. Maxims of Religion are really gross Victuals, and fit for common people; but those of State are curious bits, and only fit for Princes; to whose Tables gross Meats ought never to be brought, but in times of great necessity, it being unfit to fill their stomachs with that, which is only good to fill the bellies of the ruder popularity. That such Mear is good to satiate common people, I grant, but to nourish Princes, I deny, because the same food which serves for nutriment to the People, would hurt Princes when they would make use of them; because, a stomach which is accustomed to delicate Mear, is not able

to bear grosser food: In fine, the best Princes leave Maxims of Religion to Monks and Priests, as food proportioned to their temper, and reserve for themselves Maxims of State as food proper for Princes.

M. Before I forget, prethee tell me what pains the *Germans* suffer in Hell?

P. The same pains that are endured by *Tantalus*, which is, to be very thirsty, without having any Wine to quench their drought; so that it is a curious thing to observe their going up and down in Hell, to look out some place to plant Vines in; and although they endeavour it with all possible diligence, they have not yet, nor ever will succeed in their design; because the Devil, knowing perfectly well, that it is natural to the *Germans* to esteem any place Paradise where they find good Wine, tho' all the Demons in Hell were in the place; therefore they ever find an opposition to these designs.

M. Since there are so many Lakes, surely they should do them the favour to make them Ferry-men, rather than let them perish with thirst.

P. They would never accept that Office, because they have taken an Oath never to be drowned but in Wine, which they will not break to die in the Water.

M. Well, follow on thy Voyage, and let us say no more of the Maxims of Religion; Princes having more need of it than we.

P. Thou art in the right; after we had observed the *French* and the *Spaniards*, we walked about that spacious place a little while, where we saw several deserted, in which we met some poor *Spaniards* full of Lice, with bare Breeches; and I, being full of curiosity, asked one of them his name, to which he replied haughtily, I am called *Don Lopez of Lops*; at which I was extremely astonished to see, that neither Lice, Poverty, Misery, nor Hell could humble the *Spanish* Pride; therefore I intreated him to tell me, what good that Title did him? to which he answered, that it shewed him to be a *Spaniard*, loving rather to be known to be of that Countrey, tho' a Beggar, than esteemed a *French-man*, tho' rich: Which Opinion being heard by a *French-man* who passed by, he said, Keep thy Title; for that Feather of a Title will be the last thing that the *French* will take away from the *Spaniards*; in which time, turning my Eyes from this object, I had passed but a few steps on, when I found my self very near the Gate, through which I had entred; whereupon, making haste to get out, I unexpectedly heard a noise, a rumour, a screeching, a fearful cry, which said very mournfully, "O miserable people! we are lost; Oh our poor Princes! where are you? Oh our beloved Liberty which is gone! when shall we ever recover thee again?" I believed these had been Souls new come into Hell; but a Devil himself, who was in great pain, told me, that those who made that horrible noise, were the *Italian*, and *German* Princes, who apprehended they should lose all, because the *French* had gone on so far, that, in fine, they had set their very feet upon the necks of the poor *Spaniards*, and the *Embassadors* of those Princes wandered up and down like Flies to procure Leagues, but to retard a little the immense Victories of the *French*: But it was pleasanter to me to find a certain Dæmon (who understood Politicks well enough) seeing the said *Embassadors* run swearing up and down, cry out unto them with a loud voice, "O with reverence to your Lordships Character! you are very Fops; you should have cured your disease at its birth, and not stayed till it was grown old, and difficult to be cured. In the mean time, I said to my Assistant, Let us go on to dispatch our business, and leave the care of these intanglements to the Princes, that are like to lose by it; so mending our pace, we went out of that place, and came into a large path, crowded with an infinite company of people, who were travelling, and bemoaning their most bitter destiny, cursing the very Earth that had sustained them; which made the Demons rage so much the more, that with great diligence and care, they employed every one in his Task, and administered torments and punishments, according to the Sentence passed upon every one for his faults: But I, who was not to suffer there with others, but only to consider the punishments of others, went away with the pace of a new-made Gentleman, observing every thing minutely; and although the sight was very terrible in it self, yet I found some pleasure

in the variety of that Tragical Scene, because they were so equally proportioned. Amongst others, I observed a great company of naked Women, who held one another by the hand, and wringed one another hard: behind them went an innumerable croud of Devils, with Iron Rods in their hands, threatening them, and forcing them to return back; at which I was much astonished, not knowing how to find out the reason, why the Devils would not have Women be in Hell. But the Dæmon that was with me, eased me of this doubt, telling me, that they were married Women, of which kind of persons, the Devils held there was more need of in the World, than now in Hell. To tell you the truth, this first reason did not satisfy me, thinking it too obscure; and I told him, I could not believe that married persons were more necessary in the World, than in Hell; because these, who were condemned to such pains, had incurred them by their wicked life, and the World was eased by the abatement of that mischief; for from the diminution of wickedness ariseth the increase of goodness. Then the Devil, who laughed all this while at my words, gave me this answer; I did not tell thee, that Women were necessary in the World for the good of it, but for the advantage of Hell, which draws a double profit from Womens living in the World; and I'll tell thee how; first, for the custom of bearing Horns, which is grown so common amongst the Devils, that it's now thought a shame for any one to be without them; and because we Devils have no Wives, who will take the pains to fill our heads with Horns, we are forced on that account, to multiply the number of married Whores, as much as it is possible in the World, knowing no other way how to maintain this fashion which reigns amongst us, introduced by the fantasticalness of those Painters that will needs have us Horned, which hath occasioned our taking care, that among the whole Female Sex the Painters Wives should afford us the greatest supply of that sort of Animals; and now, as soon as any Woman's Liberality hath planted Horns on her Husband's forehead, a hundred Devils are ready to cut them off; whence no Horns are ever seen upon the heads of men, though their Wives be the greatest Whores in the World. This agreement being made between them, that the Men should preserve the Roots, and the Devils wear the Branches. Secondly, We are as ambitious as the *Spaniards* and therefore endeavour to draw the noblest prey's into Hell, and because Women are esteemed vile, and abject Beasts, therefore we procure with all our power their continuing in the World, by whole means also the number of the damned is always multiplying: nor let this seem strange which I say unto thee, O *Roman*! It being a very great truth, that Women are causes of the absolute destruction of Men. How many poor Husbands are forced to steal, that they might have the liberty to kiss their own Wives, who will not sell Matrimonial kisses but at the weight of Gold? How many are constrained to despair, to see their multiplicity of Children exceed the conveniency of their Fortune? and that which is worst of all, that they are Children given to, and not begotten by them. How many men call upon the Devil all the day, because they cannot see their Wives by night, they being engaged by promise to their secret Friends? How many Murders are committed for Women? How many Bankrupts are made by their Luxury? How many Altars are profaned by their pleasure? How many Poysons are prepared by Women for their Husbands, being counselled to it by the unbridled lusts of their Lovers? In fine; let the Women therefore stay in the World; since it is a great truth, that one Woman there brings a greater profit to the Dæmons, than a thousand can do in Hell.

M. This Devil was no fool: But let us leave these wicked Women with a mischief, and pass on; Whither wentest thou afterwards?

P. We entred into a place which was all fire, round about which were many Devils in the shape of Satyrs; upon every one of which sat a person courted by many Devils, which served as an *Apollyon*, but such an *Apollyon*, as was agreeable to the quality of that place. One put certain fiery Spurs on their feet, others blew in their ears the hissing of a Serpent; this incensed them with Sulphur and Pitch; and another gave them Venom and Poyson to eat, and every one was mighty buisie to shew themselves meritorious Courtiers of those persons on horse-back in the form of Women, upon those Satyrs; and

and there were millions of these persons all served in the same manner : but that which I found most strange, was, to see them all without eyes ; and my amazement was so great, because I knew not what it signified : my thoughts this while boiled with infinite imaginations ; and I searched about for the reason of such a change : I believed that these might be that sort of Men, who with many lascivious looks had fallen in love in Churches, in the presence of the Sacrament of the Altar, as is seen every day in Rome ; whence I esteemed it a very suitable punishment for such kind of persons to be deprived of their eyes sight. Again, I imagined that these were such as had been curious in prying into the actions of others, and as a Castigation fit for that, I supposed, they were condemned to have their eyes plucked out : But none of these thoughts satisfying me, I begg'd a particular account of the most complaisant Dæmon, that I saw there, who answered me thus ; Those whom thou seest us serve with so much Infernal Magnificence, are the most Reverend *Fathers of the Inquisition*, to whom we are much obliged, having with their rigorous Tyranny forbidden the Reading of the Sacred Scriptures in the Vulgar Tongue ; which is that, which most perfectly instructs those Men, who understand it in their duty, and turns them from evil, filling and replenishing Heaven, and dispeopling Hell ; which we here being very sensible of, have found out this invention ; viz. to oblige the Popes under other pretences to introduce the Inquisition into the Church, and to assist the Inquisitors continually, to serve us as Instruments to accomplish our main design, which is the peopling Hell, and dispeopling Heaven of its Inhabitants, which our good Friends and Companions the Fathers Inquisitors help us not a little in, whilst they are the cause, that many thousands in the World live in utter Ignorance by being prohibited the Reading of the Sacred Scriptures : So that the people, not being able to know their duty, wander out of the way, believing they live well, when they live wickedly. Besides this, the Fathers the Inquisitors forbid the Reading of all Books, which discover the Vices of the Ecclesiasticks, which is the ground of two mischiefs, the one in obliging the people to imagine the greatest enormities and defects of those who should be Looking-glasses to the common people of Christendom, to be Virtues ; the other in flattering the Ecclesiasticks, who being safe from receiving any affront or shame from the people, who are forbidden by a rigorous Edict, either to speak ill, or to think ill of the wickedness of the Ecclesiasticks, they remain plunged in gluttony and lust, and an hundred thousand dissolutenesses contrary to the Laws of the God of Heaven. In fine, the profit which the Inquisitors bring to this place is incredible, whose eyes we therefore put out, lest they should read that themselves which they debar others from ; for they would be sure, if they did but look into those Books which they prohibit others, to renounce the Inquisition themselves, and perceive the error which brings so many to Hell, and so much mischief to Christianity.

M. Truly I believe, that this restraint from Writing against, and Reading of the Vices of the Ecclesiasticks, makes them not a little proud, believing themselves greater than they are, in despite of what they know themselves to be.

P. The Inquisition was not introduced by those Popes, who piously ruled the Church, but by those Ecclesiasticks who would live in the Church, as *Sardanapalus* did in the World : whilst the Church-men were holy, and zealous in the Divine Service, and Edifiers of the people, there was no speech of the *Inquisition* in the Church ; and yet the Heresies, against which they say the Inquisition was set up, had more vigour at that time than they have now. But, no sooner did the Ecclesiasticks begin to degenerate from their Pristine State, nay, from the very nature of their Character, but they be-thought themselves of bringing in the Inquisition, to bridle the mouths of the people from publishing those Vices, which they had embraced with so much licentiousness : an evident sign that the end of those, who invented the Inquisition, hath not been to throw down Heresie, but to keep the people in awe, that they might not so much as murmur at the impiety of the Ecclesiasticks : Whereat the Religious taking courage, do sin with so much liberty, that sin in them seems to be grown to a natural habitude ; and
the

the poor people dare do no less than sanctifie the Vices of the Ecclesiasticks, lest they should fall Victims to the cruelty of the Inquisition. If the people had liberty to speak and to write against the Scandals, which the Ecclesiasticks commit in the face of the Church, assuredly these things would be amended, that they might not be reproached, and trampled upon by the people: but the Inquisitors will not endure it, wherefore I do believe they have made an agreement with the Devil to fill up Hell with damned Souls.

M. I have heard, that the true reason of forbidding Books, is nothing else but an interest of the purse, and of the brain: of the brain, because by keeping others from reading, they enclose amongst themselves that which ought to be in common to all; by which means picking out from forbidden Books what the Labours of deceased Authors have composed, they make use of them to enrich their own Sermons. And I my self knew a certain Inquisitor that passed for a famous Preacher, who extracted all the fine juice of his Sermons from some forbidden Books, changing nothing but the names, and I know not what figures: And indeed in the prohibited Books, the finest conceptions in the World are to be found, to expose Vice, it being necessary to make that common, which the Inquisitors intended a secret; and for the pecuniary interest, men are afraid of prohibited Books, because some scrupulous persons, out of fear of Excommunication, as soon as they hear of an Edict against any Book, carry it to the Inquisition, and the Father Inquisitor, or his Vicar, after they have drawn all the juice out of it, sell it at a dear rate to some stranger; finding, to colour such a sale, a hundred pretences, which all the Inquisitors abound in.

P. If thou hadst ever observed, my dear *Marforius*, the particularities of forbidden Books, as I have done; thou wouldst be astonished. Dost thou believe that those Popes are zealous of the Honour of God; and that the Cardinals fear God, or those Inquisitors, who exclaim against those Books which publish the Vices of the Church-men. Alas! the Popes, who have zeal in their hearts; the Cardinals, who have Souls pure from the ordures, which corrupt the Ecclesiastical State; and the Inquisitors, who walk in the ways of our Lord, mock at those Satyrs, and Libels, and Histories, which correct the Vices of others; saying, with a heart full of zeal, We must correct Vices, and so take away from Detractors the cause of their murmuring and writing. Behold all that honest Prelates say, when they hear talk of prohibited Books, and why so, but because they find not their Consciences offended by those Books? The Horse, who feels the Spurs in his sides, bounces, runs away, and throws his Rider. The same thing falls out with the Ecclesiasticks; for those who find their Consciences prickt with the prohibited Books, leap, exclaim, run up and down, clamour, and, one would think the Devil were at the tail of them; but those who are not spurred in their Consciences, knowing very well that the Books do not speak of them, having given no occasion, laugh at every thing, feigning to know nothing, not needing to take notice of that which doth not at all concern them.

M. 'Tis certain, the thing is just, as thou sayest; and I know a German Canon, who goes crying up and down the Streets, and the Courts of Cardinals, against all those Books, which reprove the Church-men's Vices, and not without reason, whilst in every page of the prohibited Books, he finds the picture of his Life, he being a Sodomite, a Simoniac, a Cut-throat, a Seducer, a Whore-master, a Pimp, scandalous, and a sworn Enemy of his Breviary; therefore seeing he cannot correct himself, because his nature is too much depraved and inclined to evil, he beats his brain to smother all those Books, and those Authors, who describe him just as he is.

P. I know what Canon thou speakest of; I am acquainted with him; he lives in Rome; but the greatest of his Vices is, that he is a great Spy.

M. Thou hast hit him: it is the very same. But I pray thee let us return into the Chamber of the Inquisitors.

P. No, I am just going out of it; for with these Kinds of People, the less you have to do with them, the better: So that as soon as we had observed this magnificent Inquisition,

quisition, I went forward, going out at another very little door, and so narrow, that I was fain to draw in my very breath to get out the easier; the way, tho' dark, conducted me to a much more obscure Gallery, where was a Man walking, and mourning in certain Accents, which forced compassion; whose despairing sorrow, made my very heart melt; and the more, because I could discern nothing but his voice, and the motion of his body. Besides, when he perceived me to draw near him, he burst out the louder, saying, *O wretched me! that I should ever have Damned my self for the evil affions of others!* which made me believe he was some poor Confessor; since the Confessors usually damn themselves by taking upon them other folks sins: so I endeavoured to console him, as if he had been such a one; but he weeping more bitterly, thus answered me; *What, a Confessor! I am a miserable Book-seller, who am condemned to these torments, for having Traded in other men's Works: Then drawing a little nearer him, I began to call to mind who he was, and I no sooner knew him, but I began to admire the Effects of the Divine Justice, because he was one of those Stationers who Print and Sell the most scandalous, profane, railing, and wicked Books, that the Devil himself could have suggested. In fine; his Shop was a Brothel-house of the wickedest and most lascivious sort of Books: Notwithstanding, I seemed to pity him, not to put him into higher despairs; but he easily perceived that my compassion was but feigned; whereupon he said unto me, What should one do? This is the usual misery of our Profession, that we Stationers are not condemned like other men, for our own wicked works, but suffer these Acute Torments, for the wicked works of others. He would have run on, but a Devil stopt his mouth, by burning leaves of old Books at his nose; which made an insufferable stink; at which I said within my self; If Book-sellers be condemned to such bitter pains, for only selling such Books, what the Devil shall be done with the Authors who Compose them?*

M. Was there no other Stationer then but this? I very much wonder at that, and the more, because ordinarily the Book-sellers and the Authors understand one another very well; so that I should have thought they might have been altogether.

P. I am also of that Opinion, that there were more Stationers in this place, but no great number; for there are but few that meddle with such sort of ware, and those most commonly such, who have a large Conscience, that is to say, none, or an interested one; but yet there are some, who do it to serve their Friend; but that service is never separate from interest. Then, as to Authors, I will tell thee, that having asked the poor Stationer, if he did not know whither so many Authors went, who blot so much Paper with their scribbles, he made me lean my ear to an Iron wall, which was on the right side, with a little window in it, which I no sooner drew near too, but I perceived a braying like that which Asses make, but much louder, and more lamentable; so that I was amazed, and wholly besides my self; and the rather, because the Devil told me, that all these were Authors of Books; and this intelligence increased my confusion; for, it seemed to me, that there were more Authors of Books in Hell, than men in the whole Universe. Whilst I earnestly endeavoured to thrust in my head further, to see if I could discover any of my acquaintance; a Daemon, who kept that Gate, entreated me, that I would be pleased to come in; and I answering him, I would: He opened the Gate, which, tho' not very large, I entered in conveniently, together with that other Daemon who had the charge of accompanying me. At the first I imagined that there were divers Orders of Authors, and by consequence, divers punishments; therefore I sought for *Divines, Philosophers, Historians, Politicians, Mathematicians, Lawyers, Romances, Casuists, or Antichristian States-men* in several Apartments. But not seeing any difference, I asked the reason of the Daemon, who answered me, that amongst Authors they could not make a difference of persons, or of matter, tho' the matter and the persons were different, because in Hell, Authors are condemned, not for the Works they had Printed, but for the end that moved them to Compose them. Then I prayed him to inform me of the end; he told me briefly, that Authors had no other end in writing, but Interest and Ambition, which were the very two Furies sent by Lucifer into the

World, to draw thousands of Souls into Hell; and because these two Furies did make their Nests in the breasts of Writers, we see more of them in Hell, than of any other persons: Add to this, that there must needs be more Writers damned, than other persons, because they all write to make others be damned. Besides, they spend their time, some in seeking out new conceits, inventions and speculations, and others in lies, fancies, and impostures; whereby they have no sense left to know the pure nature of that God, whom they feign only to adore in outward appearance.

M. I believe that Writers are damned, because they empty their brains too much in desiring to teach others, that there remains not a dram of understanding in them, to know their own duty, whence the most of them become vicious.

P. I believe so too: Now, whilst the Dæmon was informing me of these things, I went up and down, observing the quality of those pains which these miserable damned Authors suffered: And first, they constrained them to eat all those Books they had made, and then, without waiting for the natural time of digestion, they drew them all out again at their breeches. I found this proceeding very unreasonable; and told my sentiment to one of those Devils, who answered; I was a very fool to undertake to give Rules to Hell; adding further, that this was a chastisement proportionable to their deserts; because, as these Writers brought forth their Books as soon as they had begotten them in their fancy, without ripening them in their Judgment; so it was very convenient they should shit them out before they were maturely digested. The other punishment was, that the Devils held certain Iron Combs, with which they did not only comb, but tear the hands of those miserable Authors, that it forced compassion to see and hear them cry out in despairing terms; O cursed be the day that I ever took Pen in hand! Oh cursed be he that sold me the Ink! Oh cursed be the Paper that I made use of! Oh cursed be those Book-sellers that bought my Manuscripts! Oh cursed be the Standish that stood upon my Desk! I wondred again at these Curses, and said to the Dæmon; Methinks these damned Souls deceived themselves, for they ought rather to curse the time taken up in their Studies, and lost in their composure, and not the Pen and Ink, which are but the accessory Instruments: To which the Dæmon answered me, That I was more out than they, because the Authors could not curse their Studies, because they knew very well they had never studied for them: Wherefore they would not rave against that Occupation which they had never used: But that which most imported, which he told me with the best grace, and I did not find to be false, tho' he was a Devil, was, that it was very certain, that the greatest part of those that write, never went to any other School but that of Imagination.

M. But tell me, did not the Devil give thee an Answer particularly to the Curriculums with which they carried the hands?

P. He told me, that in this last Age, the Art of Writing was reduced to a certain itch in the hands, whilst the Authors writ with their hands, but not with their hearts, with words, and not with judgment; and therefore the Devils studied how to take off that Itch from their hands, because their hearts and their judgments had no guilt in the composing of so many fopperies which are Printed in the World. Whilst the Devil was thus informing me, I did not forbear going forward, that I might the better observe the torments of these most miserable Authors: when I heard my self called by so doleful a voice, that I was forced, tho' I did not intend it; to draw near, I knew him to be *Ferrante Pallavicino*, which was nothing strange to me, because I had ever imagined, that he having lived like an Heretick, and written like an Atheist, he could have no other Apartment but that where Atheists and Hereticks are doomed together. He who still kept his usual nature, no sooner saw me, but delighting to vent himself with his Friends, began to say to me; O *Pasquin*! how I repent me, (tho' I know how little repentance signifies) for having written such large Volumes of Satyrs. Who could ever have thought, that a man who never had any other end, but to correct the Vices of the Ecclesiasticks, and bring back the Church into the purity of its Primitive Institutions, should be rewarded with suffering such bitter pains? What else

else is found in my Books, but the contempt of Vices? and yet the correcting them hath brought me nothing but mischief. I answered him, Those who write to correct the vices of others, need first to punish their body severely to correct their own. *St. Paul* disciplined himself in the night, and then in the day exclaimed against the vices of the people: from whence the Church received great benefit. But what fruit canst thou bring with thy satyrizing against the vices of the *Barbarini*, if thou yallowest in thy dissoluteness as Swine do in the mire? In fine, my dear Signior *Ferrante*, they who would write to purge others, had need first to purge themselves.

M. Might it please the Heavens, that all Writers were like to *Pallavicino*; for he writ with a Foundation, and with Learning, whereas others write without either of them.

P. That which I said to *Pallavicino*, I said to all others that heard me; it being certain, that they had much more need of it than he: and truly I was displeased to see him in such a place; therefore, knowing I could give him no relief, I turned away, and had gone but a very few steps ere I found myself in a place, which I took to be the Arsenal of Hell, seeing the Devils were so intent in forging Instruments to torment the poor Souls which were there; and tormented them with so much despite, that the very sight of it were sufficient to terrifie half the World: At first I imagined that this was *Judas* his Hell, and the Crucifiers of Christ, not being able to imagine that there could be any others that should deserve so great punishment: But having asked one of those Devils which were at work, he flouted at this fancy of mine, and said to me, What, *Judas*! What, *Judas*! These are Physicians, Chyrurgeons, Apothecaries, Poysoners, Assassins, and Executioners, and such sort of people; against whom we find our selves obliged to use all our strength, to revenge so many wrongs that they have done to us. What wrongs, said I? nay, you are rather beholden to such kind of persons, who bestowed all their industry to dispeople the World of Mankind, to stock Hell the sooner. Look, cried he, here is a *Roman* come to instruct the Devil in his own Trade! We are not angry that these Executioners of the World do labour to empty it of Men; but we are much displeased to see them destroyed before their time; for, it is more delightful to us to have Souls come continually fresh and fresh into Hell. And yet the Physicians with Prescriptions, Apothecaries with their Doses, Chyrurgeons with their Bleedings, the Poysoners with their Doses, the Assassins with their Treacheries, and the Executioners with their Axes, do so much, say so much, contrive so much, that they kill more Men in a day, than we tempt in a year. It seems an incredible thing, that one Physician is more able to dispatch a Body, than fifty Devils are to gain a Soul. But that which most concerns us, is, that we would have Men live a little longer time, that they might so much the more multiply the number of their sins, that Hell might also multiply the quality of their punishments; but for all this, Physicians, Apothecaries and Chyrurgeons must have their will, who are wont to kill folks from the Cradle. Before this great croud of Rascals swarmed in the World, Men lived an hundred, and two hundred years, we enjoying all that while the pleasure of seeing them sin daily: But, since these Devils of Physicians, Apothecaries and Chyrurgeons were introduced into the World, Men are rarely seen to live to eighty years, they killing them so very young. Yet they do not design directly to kill them, but to prolong their sickness, that by the length of time they might multiply the number of their Fees; but by seeking to spin out the disease, they destroy the Body before the time. But hear whether we have not reason to envy the fortune of these human slaughterers: we are all destinated to Murder; that is, we Devils the Soul, and Doctors, Apothecaries and Chyrurgeons the Body by all ways imaginable; now we who kill the Soul, which is the more Noble part, have nothing; and they who kill the Body, which is the Inferiour part, are paid with a liberal hand; This would make, not only the Devils, but the very Saints mad also, to see a Physician paid so well, that with one word kills a Prince; and we Devils bestow so great fatigue to destroy a Soul without the least gratification. In fine, it extremely pleases us in Hell, to torment the Souls of those

that with so many herbs, weapons and poisons torment the bodies of Men.

M. Let's go to other matters, *Paquin*; for, the farther we get from Physicians, the better; for they stink above ground of the odour which remains of the Urine and Excrements which often catches the Nole.

P. That little ill flavour cost the Patients Purse a good deal of Money, Brother. We passed then from that place into another, much more spacious, girt round with very high walls of fire, so that it seemed impossible to get thorough them; wherefore I had resolv'd only to look on the outside; so, coming as near as I could, I began to hear more doleful, frightful and despairing Voices; therefore being very desirous to know the Voice of any one of them, the better to understand the Quality of the damned, which that place was full of, I stopt a little, and listned with all attention, yet could hear nothing but a confusion of Voices, which cryed, *O that I had said over the Divine Office! O that I had gone in good time into the Quire! O that I had not robb'd the Treasury Church! O that I had celebrated Mass with Devotion! O that I had not writ so many false Letters to my Superiors! O that I had lived more retired in the Cloyster! O that I had never brought Whores and Caracutes into my Chamber! O that I had not Gamed with Seculars! O that I had not defrauded the Almshouses! O that I had refrained from giving so many publick Scandals! O that I had not been so mortal an Enemy to the Breviary! O that I had not had so much hatred to Obedience! O that I had not been so ambitious of Offices! O that I had not so often broke Lent! O that I had contested my self with the Religious life I entred into! O that I had not busied my self with worldly Affairs! O that I had not kept that Infamous Woman in my house, under the title of a Niece! O that I had been more assiduous in the Cure of Souls which was given me in charge! O that I had not sold the sacred Vessels to put into my Purse! O that I had not transformed my self from a Religious person to a Merchant! O that I had been more meek and humble! O that I had not been so slothful in the service of God! O that I had not made a mock of Hell and Heaven! O that my Soul had been divested of worldly Passions! O that I had not done this and that! These were all the sounds which echo'd in my ears, which quickly made me understand, that this was the Hell for Priests and Fryers; so that informing my self at large of that Dæmon who attended me, and he assuring me it was so, I prayed him to do so much for me, as to help me to get in, that I might make my boast, that I had seen the Priests and Fryers tormented in Hell, who do so torment all the People in the Universe, and, more than that, under pretence of their good.*

M. For my part, I could have bated that curiosity, and have given such a Race of People to the Devil.

P. So one might have done, but all men cannot: However, the Dæmon satisfied my curiosity; for he found a hole, which lookt like that of a Sink, at which we went in, finding never a door, which oblig'd me to ask him the reason of it; and he answered me, That as the Fryers went out of their Cloysters by an out-let of their own boring, without the leave of their Superiours; so they went into Hell without any ones perceiving them, there being only some certain holes for Priests to go in at; to which I answered, That I wondred there were any holes in the Mansions of Priests and Fryers, since they studied nothing else but to stop them.

M. But how could you get in at such a strait hole? were you not in danger of sticking in the midst of it?

P. Alas! the holes that the Priests go in at, are big enough for a Horse. Now when we were got in, I was at my wits end, because indeed I thought I should have found nothing but Fryers and Priests, or at least Priests, Fryers and Devils together all clothed alike, without any difference: And that which made me think so, was the uniformity I knew there was between the Religious and the Devils; because, as the Devils study nothing else but to enrich Hell with spoils; so these Religious do nothing but procure the stuffing of their Cloysters with other peoples goods: Besides, I have ever heard those Women, who used to have a commerce with any Fryer, reproach'd with being Hackneys to the Devil, an evident sign that the Fryers are very Devils. But I found

it quite contrary to what I thought; for, the Fryers, and the Priests, were in the same Habits they had used in the World; and the Devils, who tormented them, were dressed in the Habits of Women and Boys; which I wondered more at, than what I had seen at first, and enquired of the Dæmon the reason of it, who told me, I ought not to be scandalized to see the Religious suffer in their own Habits, for having committed many of their Knaveries and Scandals, under the security of the Respect which is given to that Habit, it being but just they should suffer under those Habits, which had cloaked so great guilts and wickednesses.

M. To speak the truth indeed, without reflecting upon the Religious, who really fear God; the Habit cloaks great Vices, and hides intolerable sins; but what particulars did the Dæmons tell thee concerning their being transformed into the shape of Women and Boys?

P. They told me, That this was done to make the Religious to endure the infernal pains with the greater courage, and gave me this reason for it; That the Devils, knowing the nature of the Religious inclined to do all manner of wickedness, and suffer injuries, villanies, affronts, corns, and torments, for the love of Women and Boys, thought fit to metamorphize themselves into those species, which had had the greatest predominancy over them. Mean while I went on visiting those miserable damned persons, to my great amazement, knowing an infinite number of these Fryers, whom I had seen in Rome, passing for so many *Macarins* and *Hilarions*: Particularly I observed one Cappuchin, who suffered intolerable pains, to whom I drew near, to see if he were the same that I had known in Rome, and found him to be the very man; who had the reputation of eating nothing but roots of herbs, seasoned with ashes, disciplining himself all night before a Crucifix, and spent all the day in Prayers and Orisons; and, in fine, was esteemed a *Compendium* of Miracles; seeing him in that place, held up my hands, with all those gestures usual to those who behold some wonderful thing fallen out contrary to the course of Nature; which the Devil perceiving, said thus unto me; O stranger! if thou didst but know, of what Leaven the Religious are moulded, you would not think it so strange to see them suffer what they so justly deserve. Hypocrisie, which is so hateful to Heaven, hath made its Nest in the Cloysters of the Religious, which never do any good, they are not forced to, and contrary to their Sentiments, which are naturally disposed to wickedness; but I will tell thee no more, because, under the name of Hypocrisie, all their lewdness is comprehended, couzening the World with Exteriour Goodness, and Heaven with Interiour Wickedness. To which I only replied, That I would take an Oath I would never believe again the false Appearances of the Religious.

M. And I will promise thee the same; but I prethee tell me, whether any of the Order of Saint *Dominick* was in that place?

P. Whether there were any there! Alas! there was so great a number of them, that the Arithmeticians could not be able to count them; yet I could not possibly know any of them, by reason of the punishment they underwent, so different from all the rest.

M. But how so? Did every Religious Order then suffer a distinct pain?

P. Yes; and the pain of the *Dominican* Fathers was, that a Devil rid upon every one of them; and it was good sport, to see those good Fathers scrambling along upon all four, and the Devil sitting astride them with a Whip in his Paw, lashing their buttocks, and at the same time checking them with his Bridle which the poor Beasts had in their mouths. I had the curiosity to ask what was the reason, why these Fathers only were appointed such a punishment? to which Query the Dæmon answered me; that these Fathers were so accustomed to lord it over all the World, that they were prouder than all the rest of the Fraternities put together. So that *Lucifer* emulating the Pride of the said Fathers, had condemned them to be so humbled in Hell, because they had been so exalted on Earth: And I, having begged again to know why they were so whipt on their buttocks, and so hard bridled in their mouths; he added, that it pro-

proceeded from the great indulgence they had given their back-sides, which had never had any scourge of Discipline, which all other Fryers are wont to have. O! said I, this is new to me, tho' I am sure enough, that these Fathers have Pride radicated in their very bones, yet I never thought that their Pride prevailed against their Discipline. Yes, replied the Devil, because the Effect of Discipline is to mortifie the body, and these good Fathers used to strut up and down in Cities like Peacocks, turning their breeches first to the right hand, and afterwards to the left. I, who had seen these Fathers walk up and down in that manner a thousand times, said no more, but that his description of them was very true. Yet I supplicated to have a further information of the Bridles that they had in their mouths, and was answered, that they being used to stop the mouths of all sorts of persons, by their Tyrannical Tribunal of the Inquisition, so that it appeared to the World, as if the liberty of discourse was banished out of Christendom, by the Authority of the holy Office, which the said Fryers held in their hands, purposely to stop all folks mouths; therefore in Hell they are condemned to suffer the same punishment, which they make others endure upon Earth. Besides, they deserve to have the Bridle put in their mouths, for having rattled so much against the immaculate Conception of the Virgin. I would not stop any longer to observe the torments of these Fryers, but went on, to remark the sufferings of others, which were of a different nature. The *Franciscans* were disputing Precedency with one another; every Order amongst them desiring to be the first; and at the same time the *Cappuchins*, and the *Reformed*, who had been of the poor Orders, were reviling and railing at the *Conventuals*, who defended themselves, by proving that their Poverty was compelled, and fastned on their Habit, and not in their heart; and the *Recollets*, who were neither of the poor, nor of the rich, were enraged against both of them, and left not a Curse that was ever found out, unuttered against them; but the most to be noted was, that the Devils, who still fomented this discord, when they saw them well heated with disdain, interposed and ran in between them, and with certain Iron Bars parted them, and ended the Fray, saying, Remember that ye are *Minorists*. 'Tis true, the *Recollets* were exempted from this punishment, but the Devils, in lieu of Bastinging them, as they did the others, hung them up by the throats; and I, having desired to know the reason, was answered, that they justly merited to be used like Thieves, for having stolen so many Convents from the other *Franciscans*; the whilst I turned to the other side, and saw the *Augustinians*, who suffered torments equal to the *Franciscans*; so that I cared not to fix any longer on such Objects; and the rather, because they were so near unto the *Minimes*, which are the *Franciscans* of St. Paul, the last Order that came into the World.

M. How is it possible? What! are those Fathers, who are all Charity, in Hell?

P. Why, they go the surer into Hell, for having relied too much upon their Charity, as one of those Demons told me, who was entrusted to torment those Fathers, and their torment was to eat the flames of fire, which was a sort of meat, that I perceived very well, was not a little nauseous to them (tho' they were obliged to it) by their making such ill-favoured faces, as sick men do, that are to take a loathsome Potion; and they had reason, for the Devils used no great Ceremony towards them, in putting such Viands in their mouths, but threw the flames in with Pots and Kettles, without either Ladles or Spoons. I thought at first, that the Devils had done this on a good design; to wit, to digest so much Oyl, so much crude Herbs, so much Fish ill dressed, so much unwholesome Pulse, and so much other Lenten fare, which these Fryers used to stuff their bellies with in their Cloysters; But the Demon, which I spoke to thee of before, told me, that amongst all the Religious Orders, these had the greatest need of being inwardly heated, all the fire of Charity being extinguished in their hearts, by having too much inflamed the Walls of their Cloysters with the Device and Emblem of Charity; and so priding themselves in setting up such a Motto, that it is set over the very doors of their Kitchens, and Privy-houses; and at the rate they inflame their Walls with Charity, they exhaust it out of their hearts, neither regarding the Religious, nor

the Pbor, driving all from the Gates of their Cloysters; so that we have taken a resolution to enkindle their hearts with all the warmth our fire can give them. The Dæmon saying nothing further about this particularity, suffered me to go wandering on in the Rode, where I met with nothing but *Fryers* of all sorts, on whom I attentively fixt my eyes, not out of any Devotion I had towards them, but only to see if I could find any *Jesuits* among them, on which all my thoughts were bent; but the more I pryed about, so much the greater was the confusion of my spirit; that, having already seen thousands, and ten thousands of *Franciscans*, *Augustinians*, *Carmelites*, *Dominicans*, *Regular Canons*; in fine, *Monks* and *Fryers*, of all kinds, notwithstanding I had not seen one *Jesuite*: whereupon I threw my self, without either fear or wit, into the midst of these miserable wretches, to find them out: At last I discovered at a great distance certain black Habits like unto those of the *Jesuits*, and so I turned my feet that way, hoping to find them in that place, but found my self much deceived; for these were the *Theatines*, and the *Sommascos*, who do likewise make a profession to imitate and Ape the *Jesuits*; and drawing near to one of these Fathers, to inquire some news of the *Jesuits*, he could tell me nothing at all; but complained after a strange rate against those Fathers, saying, That they the *Sommascos* and *Theatines* were obliged to the *Jesuits*, for their being in Hell, seeing the most of them were damned for following of the Jesuitical Maxims. Mean while I imagined that the *Jesuits* being neither *Priests* nor *Fryers*, nor of the World, nor Religious men; that perhaps they would be placed in the middle between both: Whereupon, after I had well observed all the *Fryers* and *Monks*, and all the Religious of every other sort and Order, I passed calmly on into the *Priests* Apartment, but their number was so very great, that I was forced to stay above two hours, before I could get in, and yet in that place there were only *Mass-Priests*, for the others were intermixt with the *Fryers*. Then I began to stare every one in the face, and asking every one of them whether he were a *Jesuit*, they answered in such a manner, as if I had injured them mightily By that Question; so, having seen the *Priests*, the *Canons*, and the *Abbots* tormented (all of them) with very sharp pains, I past to the residence of the *Bishops*, and the *Arch-Bishops*, having lost the very hopes of ever seeing the *Jesuits*; for they did always so contemn the *Bishops* and *Arch-Bishops*, scorning such dignities, as things inferior to their Merits; that it could not be thought they would endure them to be there amongst them; so that despairing that I could not see the *Jesuits* in Hell, I set me down upon a Stone, beating my brains, and studying with my self, where the Devil these *Jesuits* should be. Perhaps, said I, these Fathers pawn the Souls of the dead, to guard the Treasures they have got by so many Stratagems from the living. Perhaps by the power of the Moneys which they possess in so great an abundance, they have bought the Inheritance of Heaven. Perhaps the Devils leave them in the custody of the Women, who made profession on Earth to be such civil Guardians of that Sex. Whilst I was roving thus within my self, the Devil, who conducted me, being sensible of all, and knowing very well the great passion that I had to see the *Jesuits*, could not contain from deriding me, yet, not having the heart to see me in so much suspension, told me, that he had found a way how to satisfy my curiosity, but it was requisite to go very cautiously; for the seeing of the *Jesuits* in Hell, was esteemed a matter of State, because the Devils kept the said Fathers there, meerly out of policy. I replied, I would do all things he esteemed necessary; whereupon he went before me, and bid me follow him, and so we entred into a very spacious way, which was set on both sides with great numbers of Devils in ranks one over another, and clothed like the Guards of Kings; so that I gathered from thence, we were going to the Palace of *Lucifer*, Emperour of Hell, which was too true; for, we had gone but a very few steps further, when we came to the Gate of the said Palace, which was guarded by a good number of Souldiers, divided into three Companies of Guards; yet we had no difficulty in getting in; tho' 'tis true that great *Lucifer's* Ushers and Grooms met us in the Hall, and told us, that they had precise Orders, to carry no Embassador in-

into their Prince, without telling him, who it was, that asked for Audience; and for what cause they required it; and therefore the Devil, who was with me, acquainted them with my request; which was to obtain a Licence from his Infernal Majesty, to give me leave to go into the Hell of the *Jesuits*.

M. It would not quit the Charge of exposing ones self to the sight of so great a Prince of Darkness, to gain a sight of those Fathers, who boast themselves to be the Light of the World: For my part, I would e'ne have been satisfied to hear that they were safe in the Devils Clutches.

P. The Appetites of Men are very different; I, for my part, would go willingly into Hell, to have the pleasure of seeing one *Jesuit* in Purgatory. Now, when I was introduced into the presence of *Lucifer*, who sat upon a mighty high Throne, made of burning Coals, interwoven with certain flames, which threw out sparks on all sides, like a Smiths Forge, I tendered my request to him, which he readily heard; but asked me so many Questions, that I began a little to repent I had ever thought of the *Jesuits*; discerning very plainly, that he derided my curiosity; nevertheless he rose up, and with his own hands took three Keys which lay under his breech, and gave them to three of the most Diabolical Counsellors, that waited about his Throne, commissioning them to conduct me to the residence of the *Jesuits*, and so I was dismissed by *Lucifer*; without saying any more to me, but, Go satisfy your foolish curiosity; and I immediately began to follow those Devils who carried the Keys, who, without going out of the Royal Palace, conveyed me thro' certain very deep Dens, all full of Alps and Basilisks, from whence we past into so strait an Alley, that we could scarce go in it one after another; in the middle of which, there was a door, which was opened with one of the three Keys; and, at the end of this Lane, there was another door, which was likewise opened with the second Key; and, entering in there, we found a Draw-bridge guarded by four huge Devils, to whom one of the three Counsellors spoke, commanding them by the Authority of *Lucifer*, to let us go in; so they failed not instantly to let down the Bridge, which we passed over; and, not far from thence, we found a great Gate, which was also kept by *Lucifer's* Guards, shut on the out-side with a great Chain, which was also opened with the third Key, and by the Counsellors own hand; who knocked two or three times; and, at the last knock, one within came and opened a small Wicket, thro' which he spoke to the Counsellors, but I could not hear what they said; but, in fine, the Gate was opened to us, and we entred in, and after that Gate was shut again very safely: Another lesser Gate was opened, where we were let in, attended by a dozen of Halberdiers; but two of the Counsellors stay'd behind, and only one of them went along with me. We had scarce set our feet within that place, but we began to see so prodigious a number of *Jesuits*, that I could never have credited it: They all stood with their hands and feet chained up, and with Padlocks in their mouths, that they could not speak; nevertheless, they suffered no other torments but that of flames, which indeed were very great, but there was not one word heard; for those Devils, which were there to look after them, had no other form, than of the most poisonous Serpents, so that there was a most exact silence observed. I was so presently satisfied concerning the *Jesuits*, that I askt to go out, and resolved to lose the very memory of them; therefore I knockt at the Gate, which was opened, and we returned back in the self same manner that we came: But my curiosity engaged me to beseech one of those Counsellors, as we travelled, to know what was the cause that made the *Jesuits* be kept in so strict a custody in Hell; deprived of the very satisfaction of conversing with the other damned Souls? To which Question, the Counsellor answered me, in Political Sicknesse 'tis convenient to make use of Violent Remedies, to exterminate the arising evil, else the Wound rankling, might render the Disease incurable. Now, we who perceived from the very first that the *Jesuits* appeared in the World, that they had no other design, than aspiring to the Universal Monarchy, whence to arrive to the end of their intention, they have not forbore trying Impossibilities, joyning the *Morals*, *Speculatives*, *Rhetoricks* and *Politics* together,

together, to gain upon the minds of Princes and People: and tho' at first fight it does appear as if they had obtained their design; yet nevertheless, if you search into the bottom of what they have done, you will find that these Fathers have obtained the absolute Monarchy over all the Kingdoms of Europe, whilst they command the Princes in counselling them, and impose Laws on the People in confessing them, and lord it over other folks wealth, in seeming to despise their own. All these things being perceived by our *Lucifer*, who watches over the free Monarchy of Hell with an accurate Vigilancy, that he may not fall into that Error which the Princes of Europe have, and daily do fall into, who suffer themselves to be ruled, nay, domineer'd over by Jesuitical Subtilties and Stratagems, has determined to keep them thus fettered and deprived from all manner of Commerce, that the *Jesuits* might not attempt to become Monarchs of Hell, like as they have made themselves Monarchs of the World. Truly, I found my self all melted into tears at this discourse, giving up my self to weep for the misery of the People, or rather of Christian Princes, who are so contented to sell their own Liberty, coming short of the wit of Hell, who know much better how to maintain the Liberty and Authority of their Monarchy, than these Princes and People have done theirs. In the meantime, being come back to *Lucifer's* Palace, the Counsellors being about to take their leaves of me, they all said to me, That now I was returning to the World, I should remember Princes, and endeavour to open their eyes a little better, because the *Jesuits* had their eyes ever open; and watching to ruine every Monarchy, and support their own, which I promised them I would do, so I took my leave of them, and as I passed out by the back Gate of *Lucifer's* Palace, into a large Street, I heard such horrid yellings and howlings, as would have struck terror into the most courageous heart: this noise surprized me, because I could not imagine these to be the *Jesuits*; but, as I went on a little further, I perceived, upon several Apartments, a different Banner, which seemed to look rather like the Ensign of some Secular, than Religious Order.

M. What were these then? and what Account did the Devil thy Guide give thee of them?

P. They were several Societies of Men, that by Hypocrisy and Deceit, under a Veil of Piety, had cunningly defrauded their Neighbours, and several Trades-men, under the pretence of honesty and fair dealing, cheated those that used to Trade with them; and upon these wretches the Policies of Hell ordered severe pains to be inflicted; and besides, I could easily distinguish them, by observing the Banners of every several Company. There were *Vintners* and *Ale-Drawers*, *Mercers* and *Drapers*, *Brewers* and *Bakers*, *Pewterers* and *Goldsmiths*, *Grocers* and *Dyers*, and above an hundred several Companies, as well of *Retailers* as *Whole-sale-men*.

M. But pray tell me what order is taken with the *Vintners* in Hell, who torture Men upon Earth with their Sophistications and base Wine? methinks they deserve severer punishments than other Men.

P. Oh! the *Devils* know them too well, to let them escape due Chastisement; they are a company of Rank Rascals, and are used accordingly: Nay, it has been often debated in Hell, to have them suffer the same torments that are inflicted upon the *Physicians*, *Surgeons*, *Apothecaries* and *Hang-men*, and to have them turned amongst them; for in truth they are as great slaughter-men, as any of the rest; but for some Politick Reasons it hath hitherto been forborn; for these *Vintners* bring advantage to Hell, and by the fumes of their bad Wine, many Men are exasperated to commit Murders, and other Villanies, and, by that means, send Souls to the Mill; therefore, for these good services, they are allotted an Infernal Habitation to themselves, being very numerous.

M. But did you not go in, and see some other Trades-men, as well as the *Vintners*, and how they were employed?

P. O yes! the *Devils* had prepared work enough for them, as you shall hear. The *Mercers* and *Drapers* were compelled to fold and unfold Artificial flakes of fire continually. The *Brewers* were parboiled in their own Coppers, instead of Mault. The *Bakers* were thrown into heated Ovens, and taken out again piping hot, but not so

well savoured as their new-baked Loves used to be. The *Pewterers* and *Goldsmiths* had their share of torment also, for all their false Allays of Copper, Lead, and other Metals, being separated from the true Gold, Silver and Pewter, were melted and poured down their throats, leading hot, to cool their covetous thirst after unlawful gain. The *Grocers* were kept as relishing Pickles, and delicious Sawces, haste and cookt up by the experienced *Dæmons*, and choicely preserved as Rarities and Ragoufts for *Lucifer's* own Table: But, amongst the variety of Trades-men, I was the most of all amazed to behold the *Dyers*, who being thrown into their own Caldrons of variety of Colours, came out such motley creatures, that the *Devils* themselves knew not what to make of them; this very Trade had its different punishment; and every particular man had his torments suitable to the Cheats he had used in his Vocation.

M. Truly, my old friend, thou hast given me a notable Account of the *Devil's* proceedings against wicked men in the other World; but go on and tell me what happened afterwards in thy Voyage.

P. Whilst I was advising with the *Dæmon* my Comrade, which way to take, I heard a buzzing noise, as if some great house had been on fire; every body ran about in confusion, and some leaped down three or four steps to get out the sooner; so I followed the Crowd, and the *Devil* my Companion with me, but neither of us knew whither we were going; but running with the multitude, and pressing in the throng, he met one of his Fellow-*Devils*, and asked him what was the matter; who answered him, that *Don Mario*, was just now come to Hell, which made every one run to see him make his entrance, and give him a kind reception: When I heard this news, I rejoiced, and said within my self, Ha! ha! the *Popes* Nephews are not far from this place, since *Don Mario* is come hither, expecting to meet them: So I ran with all possible speed, lest I should lose such an opportunity; but I was absolutely confounded to see and observe the mighty honours which were done to the said *Don Mario*; for it appeared to be a Solemn Triumph, whilst *Lucifer* himself went out to meet him, and vouchsafed to conduct him also, into the Apartment of other kinsmen of the *Popes*, which were all courted by so great a number of *Devils*, that I dare truly say, there was in that one Apartment more of them, than in all the rest of Hell. This extraordinary honour which I saw done to *Don Mario*, and to the other Nephews of *Popes*, and the Myriads of *Devils* that I saw so busied to serve them, moved me to the curiosity of Asking a *Dæmon*, who cried out with a louder Voice than any else, Long live the *Nepotismo*: What was the reason of all this? who answered me thus; That the *Devils* had much more reason to give greater services to Relations of *Popes*, than to the rest of the whole World; that they might not sin by Ingratitude, because the Nephews of the *Popes* were the cause of so many Souls dying in despair.

M. What did he mean by this? the point seems to me a little too speculative.

P. Not so much as you think; and I am of the opinion he had reason enough; for indeed, to speak the truth, the Nephews of the *Popes* do torment Prelates, Religious men, Priests, Fryers, Nuns, Nobles and Plebeans, with Grievances, with Violences, with spiteful actions, with taking Offices from the best deserving, to give them to the best Chapmen; and with a hundred thousand of such kind of tricks, by which they reduce the greatest part of Christians to despair, and by that drawing much profit to Hell, who therefore assist, and honour the Nephews to inflame them the more to Persecution, now instantly after I had seen *Don Mario* in Hell, I began to think of returning back to *Rome*, being certain I should find much more quiet there; whereupon I told my Sentiment to the *Dæmon* who had bin allotted me for my Companion, who made me fall I cannot tell you how, into a profound sleep, which when I wakened out of after hours, I found my self in *Rome* where thou seek me. Behold then in what manner my decease and revival hath hapned; but as I have made thee a relation of the affairs in the other World, do you now give me some account of what hath passed at *Rome*, since my departure.

M. What relish canst thou have in hearing discourses of this World, after having seen such

such great things in Hell? Thou oughtest to be content with the knowledg of things unknown to all, without searching into such as are notoriously manifest to the very scum of the People. There is nothing at present done at *Rome*, that is not publick throughout the Univerſe.

P. This is a diſeaſe which is now ſo gangren'd that it's paſt all cure; but for me who am juſt come from ſo diſtant a Country, every thing is new, for in that place below, the voices from here above do not penetrate.

M. I could tell thee a great many things, my dear *Paſquin*, if the time would permit me, but it growing now late it would be well for us to retire, to avoid thoſe accidents which are apt to befall ſuch as wander up and down in the night, beſides, thou, being juſt now come from ſuch a far Country, ſhouldeſt be glad to take ſome reſt.

P. But tell me ſomething however; How did the Election of the New Pope take?

M. Truly, as we have had hitherto very juſt reaſon to blame the Vices of ſome; now we may, for an Univerſal Conſolation, praiſe the Virtues of others, it being the office and part of a good Chriſtian to praiſe goodneſs, and blame wickedneſs. If the *Roman* people have groan'd for theſe 12 years under the miſeries that *Alexander* the Seventh, and the Family of *Chigi* hath plunged them into; now they may enjoy their full felicity acquired by the Election of *Clement* the Ninth, and the introduction of the Family of *Rospigliosi* into *Rome*. For 'tis moſt certain, that the Papacy, for the ſafety of Chriſtendom, and the benefit of the *Roman* people, could not have fallen into any other hands, but of Cardinal *Rospigliosi*'s, who therefore was pleaſed with great reaſon to inveſt himſelf with the name of *Clement*, to ſhew, that all the Zeal of his Soul ſhould be levelled to govern that people with Clemency, who had been lorded over till this hour with Unmerciful Tyrannies of others. The firſt dawns of his Papacy ſhined forth in diſcharging the Oppreſſed people of ſo many Taxes, and in placing Juſtice upon the Throne, from whence ſhe had been driven, during the moſt wicked Government of the wretched Miniſters of *Alexander*: And 'tis clearly ſeen, that the Operation of the Holy Spirit directed in the Election of this Perſon, ſince he was ſcarce created Pope, when the languiſhing ſtrength of his body, afflicted with a thouſand indiſpoſitions, began to recover a confirmed health; inſomuch as that when he was a Cardinal, and had but very little labour and toyl, he was hardly able to walk; now he is ſo indefatigable in all buſineſs, that he feeds as it were on troubles and pains, verifying in himſelf, that holy ſaying of the Evangelist, *Bonus Paſtor animam ſuam dat pro Ovis ſuis*, The good Shepherd lays down his life for his Sheep.

P. O *Marſorio*! 'tis the end is to be praiſ'd; for *Alexander* alſo began in this manner, and yet in a very ſhort time, from a Shepherd of Souls, he became the Hang-man and Executioner of the people, leaving *Rome* in a worſe ſtate than it was left by *Nero*.

M. The Corruption of *Alexander* did not come from himſelf, for he was of a nature almoſt incorruptible, at leaſt experimented pure, in his own manners and dealings, for a very long time; but it was derived, and came from the perverſe nature of his Kindred, who never in their lives ſhewed ſo much as an inclination of doing good; but this reaſon ſignifies nothing in the particular of *Clement* the Ninth; for he hath not introduced a *Don Mario* into *Rome*, clothed with a thouſand Humane Imperfections; but a *Don Camillo*, endowed with Angelical Virtues, a *Don Camillo*, who generously ſtrips himſelf of what is his own, to beſtow it on the Poor; not a *Don Mario*, who Tyrannically ſpoils the Poor to clothe himſelf: He hath not introduced a Cardinal *Chigi*, an ignorant young man, unexpert in all Affairs of Government; but a Cardinal *Fulvio Rospigliosi*, a perſon of infinite worth, and a Capacity balanced to maintain the Quality of a Favourite. Nephew, having by the height of prudence, and perſuaſion of his Uncle, renounced the Title of Cardinal *Padrone*, declaring he would much rather ſerve than domineer. He hath not introduced a *Don Auſtine*, who, as ſoon as he came into *Rome*, ſet himſelf to abuſe and deal hardly with the *Roman* Nobility; but a *Don Vincenzo*, who condemning the eaſe, ſloth and ſolaces of *Rome*, hath eſteemed it a greater Glory to go meet with Death from the Infidels, than to enjoy in the Court that Vanity's idle breath, which the

Nephews of other Popes did so delight in. In fine, from this Papacy there is nothing to be expected but universal happiness and good, the Pope and the Nephews both extremely endeavouring it.

P. God be praised! It is fit truly that a great Tempest should be succeeded by a great Calm; the people then is contented with this Pope.

M. Most infinitely contented, and the Prelates also; tho' 'tis true, that amongst these there are some Male-contents may be found; for, 'tis the great misery of *Rome*, that there are more Prelates, than Dignities to be dispensed; I speak of considerable Dignities; and every one believe themselves most meritorious, without any exception, whence 'tis impossible to satisfy one, without disgusting another: yet the Pope nevertheless with the highest prudence, strives to oblige some with Favours, others with good words, and all his Kindred do the same, being every one of them of sweet and complaisant dispositions.

P. This is one of the greatest happinesses that could come to *Rome*, being continually in time past, ill treated both in word and actions.

M. Amongst other things, the Nephews do not appear to be so greedy of Usurping over the Pope, as the other Nephews to this day have been, which whether they feared to have lost him, or whether they feared, that being much frequented by others, their inward corruptions, by that means, should come to be revealed. They kept him hid, as it were, in such a strange manner, that he was with much difficulty permitted to give Audiences to publick Ministers: But this reason doth not prevail now at this present time, whilst the Pope, knowing himself to be truly the Universal Father in despite of the wicked Hereticks that deny it, hath given express order unto all his Family even to the meanest, that they should introduce every person that will come into the publick Audience, which he gives once a week, receiving every one with a paternal affection, who praise God as they return to their houses, that hath vouchsafed to give them a Pope, who both deserves, and worthily bears the name of Universal Father.

P. Really I do not know how the other Popes could pretend to the Title of Universal Father, if they made themselves so only in particular to their Nephews. Let us therefore give thanks to the Lord our God, who hath been pleased to give Christianity an Universal Father; but how treats he with the Crowned Heads, and other Princes?

M. With the very same disinterestedness, which he used whilst he was a Cardinal, walking in a very even path, to give no Jealousie either to one body or another; so that every one sees themselves obliged to confess with truth, that he is the Universal Father. He is extremely inclined to the Peace and Tranquility of Christendom; whence he uses all means imaginable to make Peace again between *France* and *Spain*; and every day recommends unto the publick Ministers their labouring and striving with their utmost Industry to preserve a good Union and Correspondency betwixt those Princes; his Pastoral Zeal is known by the Ardour that he shews in succouring the *Venetians*, who so long a time have fought with so great Glory against the common Enemy of the Church of Christ; nay, not being content to succour them with the Patrimony of *St. Peter* given by himself, he solicits the Princes of Christendom daily with reiterated Intreaties, who can do no less, seeing so great an Example in the Pope, but open their treasures, and assist that Republick liberally, who is as the Bulwark of the Freedom of the Christian Church. In fine, the Hereticks themselves confess, that this Pope came from Heaven, not being solely Elected by Men; his ways being directed altogether towards the Honour of God.

P. What does he then shew himself so wholly intent on the publick good? But what say his Relations then? are not they jealous, that what he spends for the service of the publick good, diminishes the advancement of their particular Family?

M. The Kindred of the Pope cannot indeed complain against him; neither can the Pope complain against his Kindred; for they are of a nature easie to be contented, having not hitherto shewed themselves greedy, altho' many opportunities have been offered unto them; tho' always before the Nephews of the Popes have ever shewed as if
it:

it were the temperature of their Nature. And Pope *Clement* also loves his Nephews as much as one ought to love the Body; and the Church as much as one ought to love the Soul; which, to speak plainly, shews his heart is much more set upon the good and advantage of the Church, than that of his Kindred; he concedes those Emoluments to his Nephews, and furnishes them with those profits which proceed from those Dignities and Offices which the Church by Antient Custom did use to dispence to the Kindred of the Popes, but he will not suffer them to burthen the people at all; neither are they the least inclined to it, and most particularly *Don Camillo*, who is so generous, that he had rather die poor, and leave a good name, than rich with an ill fame behind him.

P. The *Cbigi* were not so scrupulous, especially *Don Mario's* Lordship.

M. Let's speak no more of the graces of *Don Mario*; for I tell thee, the Government of the *Cbigi's* was the Government of the Devils, and that of the *Rospigliosi's* a Government of Angels; the *Rospigliosi's* are delighted in studying the common good of the people, whereas the *Cbigi's* grew fat with their blood and destruction. If the Nephews of other Popes had been content, as the *Rospigliosi's* are, to have enjoyed the usual Rents of those Offices and Charges which are fitting in all respects for the Popes Nephews, without tyrannizing over the miserable people, by so many Taxes imposed upon them, the Church undoubtedly would have been much more peopled with Catholics; and Heresie would have been destroy'd by the very Hereticks. And there would not either have been so many infamous Manuscripts kept in *Rome*, nor so many Satyrical Books printed.

P. But on the mention of Books, prethee is there any new ones come out since I was seen here?

M. If I would name all the Books, and all the Pamphlets which have come to light lately, there would be certainly such a vast Catalogue of Books, as would swell into a Volume bigger than the Book of Martyrs.

P. Who the Devil shites all these Scriblers? and where do they inhabit?

M. I know not that; but it's certain, that as soon as any Gentleman that is a stranger comes into *Rome*, an innumerable company of black Coats, out at the elbows, come about him, all striving to fasten upon him their satyrical and infamous Manuscripts, which they sell at good penny-worths, applying all their wits to feed their bodies, tho' to the damnation of their souls; and, because the most part of strangers of Quality that come to *Rome* are Hereticks, they, by this means, return back into their own Countreys loaded with Manuscripts, and they impart them to Book-sellers who are their Friends, who finally as Enemies to the Church of *Rome*, make no scruple to Print what the *Romans* themselves are not ashamed to write. But the greatest shame of all is, that the very Hereticks are more scrupulous than the Catholics themselves, the Catholics writing such very infamous things, that they blush to read them.

P. I know not what to say to it, but pray God to pardon those who give the occasion.

M. 'Tis the Corruption of the Age in which we live, whilst men have such depraved Gusts, that they know not, or rather will not read any other works but Satyrs, as wicked as they are infamous, and those who have no other way of living, but by belying either themselves, or at least their own Consciences, writing any thing that will delight the Men of the Age.

P. But how comes *Rome* only to be the Mother of all these Satyrical Books? Is it because the *Romans* have less Conscience, or more leisure than other people? For my part I know not what to make of it.

M. 'Tis because they are more sly and cunning than others; for these things require twice the wit and subtilty of others: And yet if thou didst know how much also others writ, thou wouldst not lay all the blame on the *Romans*: for in *France* and *England* it self, but the two last years there have been Printed above seventy Books all Satyrical, against the chief of that Kingdom, and some of them so filthy, that they nauseate the

Reader.

Reader; tho' tis very true, that the *French* have a peculiar dexterity in knowing how to Jest with Satyrism, taking it absolutely for a kind of Gallantry of wit, and the greatest revenge is to scorn it. Of *Spain* then I say nothing, because Satyrs there run as the Post-horses; in every corner there is one to be had; but the worst is, that there are no Satyrs so sharp as those which come from a *Spanish* Pen, by reason that that Nation being very pious and devout, when they be corrupted, they become venom and poison, because the corruption of the best is ever the worst.

P. If this be so, then we need not wonder that the *Romans* are so very skilful in Composing Satyrs; for they can be good or bad according to Time, Place or Occasion.

M. For my part, I believe the *Romans* do not write out of malice, but out of pure necessity, and stab out of revenge; for, 'tis too true, that the most part of those who sell Manuscripts in *Rome*, are certain necessitous Priests, and certain discontented Courtiers, these being spurred on by revenge, and the others by want; and because the *Fulio*, which is given them for saying Mass, is not sufficient to live upon, they give themselves up to doing things, which perhaps are contrary to their very nature; and therefore every thing they do looks supernatural.

P. But what Books are come out since the time that I have seen thee? name me one.

M. There is the *Putanismo* as jolly in the invention, as it is foul and infamous in its matter, and which lashes the Court most, where it was made and composed. Moreover, there is *Mercury turned Post-boy*, and whipping and lashing very hard. There is also the *Monarchy of Spain in its Rise and Declension*, which is a very pleasant Treatise in form of Comedy, set off with a curious Prologue, which smites the *Spaniards* hip and thigh: Yet, to speak the truth, they may make some good use of it, tho' the Author was none of their Friends. Moreover, there is the *Model of the Jesuitical Government*, with an Instruction to Princes of the manner by which the *Jesuits* govern themselves to advance their Society to a perfect Monarchy, which touches them to the quick; especially an *Amphibological and Persuasive Letter of a Jesuit to a Gentleman his Disciple*, with the *Gentleman Disciple's Answer to his Master the Jesuits Letter, The Cabinet of Princes*, consisting of four Concerts, that snip and piece every thing as the toy takes them. Then the *Speaking Animals* is also to be seen, a very rigorous piece, that sufficiently shews it was produced by some learned head who speaks not like an Animal, tho' he treats and handles all like Beasts, as if there was never another Man but himself. There are *sundry Relations from several Princes Courts*, which Treatises seem licked over with Honey, but have Gall in their Entrails.

P. Alas! all these are small pieces, the Manuscripts of which I have often seen.

M. May be so; but there is also the *Cardinalismo*, which is divided into three Volumes; and, for my part, I believe there never was any thing seen which was more disjointed without beginning or end, without reason or foundation, only a meer heap of Lies and Railing.

P. It was not then done by the Author of the *Nepotismo*; for that was not so abominable.

M. The stile was like enough to it, both being but ill Composed, and to say truth, groundless; yet nevertheless the *Nepotismo* hath something that sparkles at the first sight, but as for the *Cardinalismo*, it is not possible to relate the absurdities that are in it; and I know not how the Devil any Man can be found, that will take the pains to read it, being so far from reason, and carrying a Lye in every sentence of it. Were it a plain Satyr, it might pass, but the mischief is, that it corrupts all History, turning and bringing it into a formal Satyrism.

P. Is it not like the *Just Balances of Cardinals*, which is full of a thousand filthy impurities?

M. The *Just Balances*, tho' Satyrical, hath something agreeable in them, because they are a sort of guessing or divination of what they say; but the *Cardinalismo* prattles those

those Cardinals it ought to blame, and blames those it ought to praise, giving and taking Offices and Dignities at its own pleasure. In fine, if it was said of the other, that there were as many Sentences as there were Words, of this it may be said, there are as many Fooleries as there are Words.

P. It will then have a great Effect upon inquisitive Men reading it, it will spoil the humour of reading such kind of Books; but is there no more?

M. There is the *Conclaves of all the Popes*, which stinks extremely, but History makes it so; and tho' they be but fragments of things long since past at *Rome*, yet being now all gathered together, they very much move the curiosity at this time of many persons to read them. But above all, there is a little exquisite piece that much pleases me, which is called *The Counts Defence of the Rights of Princes*, where a Marquis is feigned speaking Satyrically against the Chief Potentates of *Italy*, and all *Europe*; and the Count refusing the Marquis's Arguments, maintains the Princes; all which is contained in Eight Dialogues. In the first is discoursed the Advantages that Spies bring unto Princes: In the second is discoursed all the concerns of the Duke of *Crequi*, Ambassador of his Most Christian Majesty, his Negotiations and Transactions in *Rome*, and of the heads he published touching his Pretensions: In the third is discoursed the Interests about *Portugal*, shewing how the Pope is obliged by Political Reasons to admit them the Nominations of their Churches: In the fourth the King of *England's* Marriage with the *Infanta of Portugal* is discoursed of: In the fifth is discoursed the Peace made by the *Empire* with the *Turks*: In the sixth the King of *Spain* is praised for yielding the Precedency of his Embassadors, to the Embassadors of the Most Christian King, with the Reasons for it: In the seventh the Prudence of the King of *France* is discoursed in buying the Signiory of the Duke of *Lorain*, shewing that he did no body any Injury: And in the eighth it is proved, that the *Venetians* did not do ill but well, to continue the War against the *Turk*.

P. The piece ought to be profitable, treating of Noble Subjects, and adapted to satistie curiosity.

M. There is nothing better, Composed, and more Political, but those who are prickt do not approve it, yet they cannot forbear to read it, finding Honey mixt amongst the Stings.

P. When Satyrs are well Composed, the very Stings themselves are sweet.

M. I believe at the present they are beginning to leave off Satyrising, at least against *Rome*; for 'tis certain, if they do not cease now, they will never cease at all.

P. But why wilt thou have this happen at present? what reason induces thee to believe so?

M. Because we are now in the Age of Clemency, and Christian Religion is ruled by a Head who is all *Clement* in effect, much more then in the name of it.

P. Truly there is nothing that humbles, and brings back the most strayed persons to Agreement, so well as Clemency: Therefore if the Chief Bishop will practise that, as thou sayest he does; he will gain much more than many others have done who have used Violence.

P. God pardon those who have so invenom'd the Pens of others, that they have been very often extremum cruel against that Mother who feeds them. The good Religious Men cannot suffer any injury from the pricks and stings which are given to wicked ones. They who write have no design to offend those Ecclesiasticks, who live soberly and holily, and with the greatest Edification possible towards the people, of which sort there is an infinite number, as there is likewise an infinite number also of those, who forgetting the Obligation due to their Vows, rebel against their very Superiors; but the good Religious cannot possibly fear receiving any detriment in their own Reputations, by the Satyrs against others, tho' they should have come from Hell it self. God hath left us the example of poor *Lazarus*, and the rich *Glutton* before our Eyes, that we might flee from the rich *Glutton*, and follow *Lazarus*, who was set before us that we might follow his steps: Therefore it is necessary sometimes to expose those that are addicted to Vice, to put them in mind of their duty; but this does not reflect upon good Men, but on the contrary, makes their Virtues more estimable.

P. The truth is, were there no distinction made in the Church between the good and the bad, the virtuous and the vicious, between vile corrupted Popes, and those that are not so, between Cardinals deserving that high Charge, and those that merit a Halter, between truly devout and hypocritical Christians, the Church must of necessity soon fall to ruine, should we extol those, who by their wicked examples rather scandalize their Neighbours, than endeavour to preserve the honour and reverence due to Religion? Should we attribute to such men the praises they only deserve, who sweat and labour, and undergo a thousand hardships, not only to sanctifie themselves, but to beget a respect and awe to Religion it self? It would be a thing impious and inhumane, if the lazy and negligent Minister may pretend to a recompence equal to the pious and laborious; what have they to do but to study to become like the others? 'Tis better therefore to publish the Vices of lewd men, that either they being made ashamed, may turn from their wicked courses, and enter into the paths of Virtue; or at least that by this means the holiness of the just may shine brighter.

M. The mischief is, that those wretches finding a sting in their Consciences, wince and kick at reproof, like a Horse that has a Nettle clapt under his Tail, or a skittish Jade when he feels the Spur.

P. Well bred Horses that go on readily in their way, are never disquieted with Spurs, tho' the Horse-men ride with them never so close to their sides.

M. 'Tis very true indeed, that many do abstain from doing ill, rather for fear of being reproached by the World, than any true love of God.

P. Perhaps there will be no more necessity of pricking and spurring, to provoke ill people to do well, and turn from the ways of wickedness, nor to wrong the Clemency that thou speakest of, which I also highly commend, as a most necessary Expedient in this Age, where we see the nature of Men scorns and disdains in their very Souls the Violences of others.

M. The Head ever governs all the other Members, inso much that whilst the Church had virtuous and holy Popes, and zealous of the Salvation of the People, the other Religious also were so many Examples of Virtue, whence we ought to hope that God having been pleased to bless us at this time by sending his Church a Pope enriched with so many Virtues, who, like a Pellican, tears out his own bowels, for the love of his people, the other Prelates and Religious who are Members of the Church will be animated unto good, and by the Example of the Head, who is so good, will edifie the people, and do their duties in all virtuous and holy works; so all Satyrism will cease, and all Pens will be employed with the utmost Abilities to magnifie those good and religious Ecclesiasticks, which they formerly reviled for being wicked.

P. Then we shall not need to talk any longer, my dear *Masurio*, but turn our Eyes from those wicked Objects, promising unto God for the time to come, to praise those good Religious so much the heartlier, for having formerly blamed the bad ones.

FINIS.